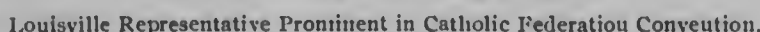


PRICE FIVE CENTS



Louisville Delegate to the National Convention of Catholic Societies

THE LATE RIGHT REV. MGR. THOMAS F. GAMBON

On Thursday telegrams and letters were

JOHN E. FRANK.
WALTERS' BROS'.

...DRINK...

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**CREAM
COMMON
BEER!**

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Fancy Groceries

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**Choice Wines
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My stock of Holiday Goods embraces everything that can be found in a first-class house.

All the leading brands of Wines and Liquors. Also Imported and Domestic Cigars.

Southwest Cor. Fifth and Green.

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DEALER IN CHOICE

**Groceries, Meats,
Vegetables, Lard,
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N. E. Cor. Eighth and St. Catherine.

Groceries and Fancy Canned Goods appropriate for the holidays. Nuts, candies, raisins, oranges, apples, etc. Choice poultry and game.

Goods delivered promptly to any part of the city.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES

Packed in Handsome and Unique Baskets and Boxes.

RUDOLPH & BAUER,

234 West Market Street, Louisville, Ky.

YOUR SMILE.

There's a laugh in the voice of the breeze,
my sweet,
There's a dance in the swaying grass,
And a robin is singing his best, my sweet,
He must have seen you pass;
And the world is merry and gay, my sweet,
Because that you love but me,
And because you have smiled on me
kindly, sweet,
Why earth is heavenly.

The river is singing a song, my sweet,
In its silvery course to the sea;
The flowers in the sun's bright ray,
my sweet,

Spring up on the winding lea.
The clouds have passed away, my sweet,
And the skies are an azure hue,
And waters and flowers, and all, my
sweet,
Are telling of naught but you.

'Tis thus in the light of your smile, my
sweet,
The gloom fades fast away,
And the stream of my life runs calm and
clear,

Cheered in its gladd'ning ray;
And my hours are filled with flowers, my
sweet,

Of Happiness, Hope and Love,
Wooded by the beams of your kindness,
like
The sun in the skies above.

And the Father who lavished these
beauties, sweet,
To deck the glorious earth,
Fashioned you, too, and dowered your
mind

With treasures of ponderous worth.
And this song with the coming of spring,
my sweet,

Doth find in my heart its clew,
And there's nothing that would not sing,
my sweet,
If it only thought of you.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

No house that has a child in it should be without a Christmas tree when Christmas eve rolls around. That is one of the pleasures I would fain have every little child, the highest and the lowest born, enjoy. And it does not cost much to have a Christmas tree—so little that every one with a home can well contrive one. And it will be a source of joy, both as to recollection and anticipation of the year through. Moreover, the planning for it, the trimming it, will cheer the hearts of those who thus give themselves up to unselfish effort at making others happy. Never shall I forget the first time I assisted at preparing for and decorating a real home Christmas tree for four little children—how happy it made them, and how happy it made me. The only cloud upon my pleasure was the thought of all the ecstatic joy my own childhood had missed. As for them they carried the memory of it as a time of unexampled bliss and brightness with them throughout the year, nor ever once found fault with joy in recalling it and talking of it. Again, I say that no house that has a child in it should be without a Christmas tree when Christmas eve rolls around. If you can afford but a little one, two or three feet high, do not covet a larger tree, but make the small one as pretty as possible. Set it in an empty wooden box, fix it there securely and cover the box neatly with paper or glazed muslin, and stand it on a table where it will show off to the most advantage. Hang on it some apples, oranges, a few strings of snowy pop corn, some cotton balls, a few of the pretty gilt balls sold on the streets at eight and ten cents a string, a few candy toys, and light it with five or ten cents' worth of tapers, and you will think there never was such a radiance on earth before as the brightness of your children's eyes when they see it.

MISSION OF GOOD HOMES.

We have spoken of the curse of snobbery. The surest and quickest way to crush it out of American society is to teach our children to value others and estimate their own worth by what they can produce that is useful and do what is beneficial to others. And that their business in life is not to see how much pleasure they can get, but how much they can give. Instead therefore of weakly clinging to our children and making them weak by pampering them in the home, let us feel that our part or theirs is not done until we have taught them to be strong and forbear, to do for themselves and carry help and cheer to others. Let us not hamper their careers with our vain regrets at their leaving us, but help them in all upward, onward tendencies.

PRETTY CEREMONY.

On the feast of St. Agnes, January 21, a beautiful ceremony takes place in the ancient church outside the walls of Rome. It consists of the blessing of the lambs, two pretty white ones being carried up to the altar by two ecclesiastics, accompanied by torch and incense bearers. A hymn is sung in honor of St. Agnes and the lambs are then conveyed to the Holy Father for a second blessing. They are then given to a convent of nuns who keep them until it is time to shear them. Out of their wool are made the palliums worn by Archbishops.

A novel and dainty way of cooking little new onions is to boil them and serve them on toast, similar to asparagus.

POTEEEN.**How Illicit Whisky Is Made in
Large Quantities in
Ireland.**

Long Experience Has Made
Even the Gossoons Ex-
pert Brewers.

Some of the Many Tricks Played
Upon the Excise
Officers.

PRIMITIVE SURVIVALS IN CONNAUGHT

Despite the unending activity of the police, "poteen," illicit whisky, is brewed in large quantities in Ireland, says the Kansas City Star. Numerous arrests and convictions have had no permanent effect in stamping out the "poteen runners," and in all likelihood the people will always be within reach of a "sup of th' crathur."

A "running," said to relate, in most cases usually follows one or more of the poorer families being plunged into debt. A cow, pig or other animal may have died, perhaps the potato crop is not up to expectations, or the oats have given a small return, and there are a few pounds necessary to settle with the landlord. As it takes very small capital to start a "still," soon the news is flying across the hills and bogs that "there's goin' to be a chance to kill a dhrup of the rale thing."

From the oozy depths of the turf banks the several parts of the still are uncovered, where they are hidden from the quick eyes of the "blne-coated gentlemen." On a dark night the still is set up in some desolate and forsaken corner, and always in a place where the entire countryside can be searched with the naked eye.

In the western part of Connaught and the islands lying a few miles off the coast in the Atlantic ocean the "poteen workin'" is carried on to a great extent. Here the people have changed little during the past 100 years, and a few of the common conveniences of modern civilization are known. A quern, the same crude mill that was used in the Holy Lands in Biblical times, is still used in that country. The quern is two stones fitted together. A hole in the top stone receives the grain, which is prepared for grinding by being dried over the turf fire in an iron pot. By turning the top stone the grain is passed through the stones, and finally falls from the rough sides into a white cloth spread on the ground for its reception. Nearly all the meal consumed by the natives of the districts mentioned is ground in querns, the crushing of oats for poteens being only one of its many duties.

In a "rale Irish still," while the liquor is just beginning to trickle through the worm into the cup, and until there is a "tidy sup of spirits" in the small keg, the children will superintend matters. Long experience in spite of their tender years has made these "gossoons" expert brewers, and more than once the "sargent and his min'" have been fooled by these tricky youngsters. The simplicity of the still will be seen at a glance. The turf fire sends the steam through the connecting pipe in the copper worm into the barrel. The barrel is filled with cold water, which condenses the steam and sends forth "th' genuine stuff."

Little attention is paid to the age of the poteen in Ireland. The worm works very slowly when compared with the demand for the output, therefore age becomes a secondary matter. In fact it drops out of the reckoning altogether. There is only one case on record of poteen "ripenin'," and that when it was buried in a garden and its place of concealment forgotten. However, that is another story.

When the "wee dhrup" has been successfully run public interest in it reaches an acute stage. If the still is located on an island in the lake, as is often the case, at a given time the "cots," long, flat bottomed boats, will be seen ahooning out from the shores of the mainland and making for their destination by circuitous routes. The cots are beached at different places and left in positions admitting of ready escape. Soon the fringe of natives around the still grows into a well-defined circle. The "runner" of the still stands over a keg of liquor with a tin cup in one hand and with the other keeping a firm grasp on the wooden "tap" that draws off the poteen. In bottles of all shapes and makes the liquor is carried away, and the demand for mugs and cups far exceeds the supply. Shillings and sixpences are taken out of the corners of colored handkerchiefs where they have long lain toward a settlement with the landlord on rent day.

Not a penny piece available in the (townland) but will go to swell the "runner's" pile unless the "missis" at home interferes, which she seldom does. Indeed, there would be more chance for trouble were her husband to return to the house without a "wee dhrup" of brandy. If one man runs short of money another

has a sixpence or two to spare, so that before the gathering has been long on the island there are signs of over-indulgence. By and by this one and that dispose themselves on the grass to get a much needed nap. There is a big decrease in the call for mugs and cups, and a decided increase in the amount of noise. This even grows sometimes, despite many recruits to the ranks of the sleepers. Then, in most cases, the cry "Police! Po-lice!" will come echoing over the waters. In an instant all is excitement. The wooden tap is pulled out of the keg and a bung inserted. Such of the sleepers as can not be aroused are flung bodily into the boats, and when the still has been shipped a mad race begins. The policemen are in a large boat patterned after a lifeboat. Everything seems to favor them in the pursuit, and yet they gain but little on their prey. It is at once noticed how expert the countrymen handle their oars compared with the "peelers" who lack practice.

Gradually the unfailing regularity of the "cot men" begins to hold their pursuers even, and when the excitement of the chase has to an extent counteracted the effect of the poteen their increased strength of arms sends them ahead. When the gap is seen to be widening loud cheers come from the pursued. Such as are not rowing wave their arms and hats wildly and shout derisively at the policemen. The latter now know that they are on a wild goose chase, but at least they must bend to the work for a little while longer so as to live up to the duties imposed on them. One by one, however, they rest their oars, and soon they are talking it over and laughing the while they blame the luck which gave them such exertion without results.

Oftimes the pursuit takes place on land, and here the police generally succeed in making a haul. The poteen drinkers are not half so lively in escaping ashore as afloat, and besides the "bolshies" are all active men. Over bogs and hills such as are able to scatter and run for dear life. A coat is thrown away here, a waistcoat there, suspenders are unlatched, the hard leather belts tightened a hole, and if the pace is a "killer," the old cloth hat held in hand will follow the rest of the wardrobe. At the start the police also scatter in order to capture the most prisoners. In this way the pursuers frequently find themselves great distances apart at the end of a long chase. The great object is to arrest the owners of the still. When this is accomplished the victim seldom escapes a heavy fine or else imprisonment. Many amusing incidents are recorded of police being led into traps by the pursued. On one occasion a policeman found himself in a bog hole nine feet deep and from which escape was well nigh impossible. His comrades had gone in an opposite direction, and no one heard his cries save a couple of his intended victims. They hauled him out of the mire, and when he stood on the bank, a perfect picture of dejection, one of his rescuers suggested "th' bist rimidy in the world for a duckin'."

It was never known how much poteen the three consumed before they parted, but Mickey's Pat was always willing to swear that they "wor that bad they couldn't till their own fathers."

The bog hole covered the sins of the policeman, and it was rumored afterward when the sergeant heard of the occurrence he declared: "Och, wasn't I th' fool I didn't think of such a thrick myself."

STORIES OF O'CONNELL.

The London Daily News tells two good stories of Daniel O'Connell, both of which will be new to most readers. He once remarked in a casual way to a pamphleteer of whose powers he had no very high opinion: "By the way, I saw a good thing in that pamphlet of yours the other day." "What was that?" asked the blushing author. "A pound of butter," was the crushing retort. O'Connell's great rival at one time was Sergeant Tom Gould (pronounced Gold). He was a confirmed old bachelor, but when eighty years of age proposed and was accepted by a maiden of eighteen summers. The engagement was announced by Gould to O'Connell in verse, concluding thus:

So you see, my dear Dan, that though eighty years old,
A girl of eighteen fell in love with old Gould.

In replying, the witty Dan indicted the following couplet:
That a girl of eighteen may love gold, it is true;
But believe me, dear Tom it is gold without you (u).

O'Connell was defending a Galway man on a charge of sheep stealing. The case looked very black against his client, so Daniel bethought himself of a stratagem. He told the prisoner to feign imbecility and every time he was spoken to to simply whistle and say in Irish, "Fag mar shin ei!" (leave it as it is). The trial came off in due course and on being asked to plead the prisoner whistled and said, "Fag mar shin ei!" repeating this phrase every time he was addressed. Finally the Judge discharged him as being incapable of knowing right from wrong. Meeting the prisoner in the street, O'Connell said, "What about my fee?" Whereupon the wily culprit assumed an air of simplicity and whistled in O'Connell's face, saying "Fag mar shin ei!" as he walked off with his friends, leaving O'Connell to "whistle" for his fee.

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335 WEST MARKET ST.,

Near Fourth Avenue, Opposite Former Location

Our stock embraces the choicest and designs in Ladies' and Children's Winter Hats, which we are selling at prices within the reach of all.

**ATTENTION,
HOUSEKEEPER**

IF YOU GO TO THE

LOUISVILLE PACKING COMPANY**RETAIL MARKET,**

352 SECOND STREET,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Christmas Turkeys,**Game of All Kinds,**

You can always find the best the market affords in Choice Cuts of Beef, Spring Lamb, Pork, Cured Meats and Dressed Poultry of all kinds. Also the Best and Purest Lard in the city. They also carry

Early Fruits and Vegetables!

In fact, everything that a first class market should have. All meats sold are inspected by the United States Government Inspectors—the only market that has that advantage.

Northeast Corner Hancock and Breckinridge.

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LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars**BANNON'S**

LOUISVILLE

Sewer Pipe Works

Manufacturers of Vitrified Salt Glazed
Sewer Pipe, Farm Drain Tile, Fire Brick
and Fire Clay Goods of all descriptions.

Office: 508-512 W. Jefferson St.

Works Thirteenth and Lexington Streets,

LOUISVILLE, KY.



OLD DAN'L BOONE WHISKEY.
TO SUPPLY THE
SICK, CONVALESCENTS & FAMILIES
With An Absolutely Pure Product! Have Secured Control Of The
Famous Kentucky Brand And Will Sell It At DISTILLERY Prices

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DRUGGIST
2ND AND GREEN

6 YEAR OLD PER GALLON \$2.00 PER PINT 25¢
8 YEAR OLD PER GALLON \$3.00 PER PINT 40¢
10 YEAR OLD PER GALLON \$4.00 PER PINT 50¢
Shipped Any Where!

JACK.

PAT.

AHERN'S SALOON

N. W. COR. CLAY AND MAIN STS.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

HAS YOUR PLASTERING FALLEN OFF?

IF YOU HAD USED

Diamond Wall Plaster

READY MIXED PLASTERING MATERIAL,
IT WOULD NOT HAVE HAPPENED.

WE ALSO MANUFACTURE

**Campbell's Cement Plaster,
Kentucky Wall Plaster Company.**

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LOUISVILLE, KY.

DRINK**Pilsener Beer**

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ACKERMAN

COMPANY.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Up Stairs Over English Wooten Mills Store



One Door West of the Big Store.

IDEAL DENTISTRY
at reasonable prices at the
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Painless Dental
Parlors,

436 and 438 W. Market Street.
Superb Crown and Bridge work. El-
elegant Gold and Porcelain Crown. Best
equipped office in the city.

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PROPRIETOR.

GEHER & SON

A Complete Assortment of the
Latest Styles and Best Makes of

Cooking and Heating
STOVES,
Cast and Steel Ranges

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214 Market Street, Near Second.

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432 to 440 E. Main St., Louisville.

KENTUCKY WAGON FACTORY
MANUFACTURERS

Platform Spring Dump Wagons and Carts
Farm, Plantation and Spring Wag-
ons, Carts, Drays, Etc., Mud-Tem-
pering Wheels, Mud and Brick
Wheelbarrows. Work guaranteed.

WENTZELL BROTHERS
LARGE STOCK

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FRESH MEATS AND VEGETABLES.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Beef, Veal, Lamb

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Dealer in All Kinds of

Hay, Corn, Oats,

Mill Feed, Salt, Lime,
Cement, Axle Grease
and Bedding.

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1733 Portland Ave.,

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Large stock of provisions
and vegetables always on
hand. Fruits, Nuts and
Candies of all kinds.
This is the place to buy
your

CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

We also carry a complete line of
Canned Goods and special brands
of fine Wines and Liquors.

Brown Leghorn Eggs

5 CENTS.

CHARLES L. JACQUES,
2422 St. Xavier.

How Brown Leghorns Lay—Twelve
hens and pullets laid 1,233 eggs in 1899:
Jan., 12; Feb., 20; March, 187; April,
133; May 1, 42; June, 118; July, 137; Aug.,
151; Sept. 1, 1; Oct., 83; Nov., 83; Dec.,
61.

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ARTISTIC WORK ONLY SOLICITED.
WORKSHOP AND STUDIOS, CARRARA, ITALY.

Waterrooms, 322 to 328 West Green St.

IMPOSSIBLE

To Be a Good Catholic and
Not Be a Good
Citizen.

Archbishop Elder's Words of
Counsel to Young Men's
Institute.

Benefits of Membership Therein
Are Simply Beyond
Calculation.

ADVICE FROM SUPREME CHAPLAIN

Most Reverend Archbishop William
Henry Elder, of Cincinnati, Supreme
Chaplain of the Young Men's Institute,
who succeeded Most Reverend Arch-
bishop Keane, has issued his first address
of counsel and advice to the order. The
Young Men's Institute has reason to feel
grateful for his words of indorsement and
encouragement, and that every young
man may receive the benefit thereof we
publish the letter in full:

To the Members of the Young Men's
Institute—My Dear Children in Christ:
As your Supreme Spiritual Director it
behoves me, at the close of the year, to
address you a few words of counsel and
encouragement. The motto inscribed on
the banner of the Young Men's Institute,
"For God and For Country," indicates
the two-fold work of your organization—
work that constitutes your proudest boast
and entitles you to the gratitude of the
church and of society. Unlike the foolish
man who built his house upon the sand,
you have laid the foundation of your in-
stitute upon the rock of ages—God him-
self, without whose assistance they who
build the house build but in vain. Recogn-
izing that to Him alone belong the first
fruits of whatever is good in man—be it
body, will or intellect—you proudly yet
humbly proclaim that obedience to Him
and to his holy law is the principle near-
est and dearest to the heart of every
member of the Young Men's Institute.
On the other hand, as Catholics you
know that the cause of God and the cause
of the church are identical. In the church
you recognize the living organ and
mouth-piece of God. To be faithful to
God you feel that you must be faithful to
the church. God, then, speaking to man
through the church, and the church re-
vealing God and his holy will to man,
are the cardinal principles to which every
member of your order pledges his alle-
giance.

But the crying needs of modern society,
in which God is relegated to the realms
of the unknown, is not unknowable, can
not fully be met by mere individual ac-
tion, however exalted that action may be.
When an organized army invades a coun-
try mere guerrilla warfare is not enough;
organized forces must be opposed by
other organized forces before the invader
can be repelled. Hence the necessity
among Catholics of associations like your
own, to meet on equal terms the banded
foes of God and his church. The asso-
ciations, moreover, herald to the world
those cardinal religious principles, treas-
ured indeed in the individual Catholic
conscience, but less liable to be known
and appreciated than when put forth by
an organized society. Further still the
benefits conferred upon the individual
member by an organization like the
Young Men's Institute are simply beyond
calculation. Each member acts upon
other members and their action affects
him in turn. To the less enthusiastic the
more enthusiastic impart their enthu-
siasm. To the less gifted the more gifted
communicate their higher aspirations.
The man of action instills some of his
own energy into the man of counsel,
whilst the man of counsel infuses some
of his own caution into the man of ac-
tion. Thus even the natural effect of
Catholic associations will be to raise each
member above his own individual level,
whilst God himself, who has promised to
be in the midst of two or three gathered

SPRING BANK LITHIA WATER FOR LIVER AND KIDNEY.

TELEPHONE 2106.

in his name, will add to the combined
efforts of all his own infinite efficiency.

Your motto proclaims your allegiance
not only to God but also to your country.
In other words, your aim is to be not
merely good Catholics, but likewise good
citizens. These two aims you have
joined together, because you are con-
scious that one is the effect of the other.
To be a good Catholic and not be a good
citizen is simply an impossibility. To be
a good Catholic means to respect
authority and to uphold its hands in all
lawful measures, since to obey authority
means to obey God himself, in whom
authority originates and from whom it
proceeds. To be a good Catholic means
love of the neighbor, since we are all
children of the same loving Father,
redeemed equally in the blood of his
only begotten son. To be a good Catho-
lic means respect for the rights of others,
courtesy toward all, forgiveness of in-
juries; in a word, it means that charity
which deals with others as we would
wish others to deal with ourselves. Sup-
pose these principles to be transplanted,
as they should be, into the daily life and
walks of society, what would be the
result? Would anarchy dare raise its
head in a country believing that obedi-
ence to lawful authority is obedience to
God himself?

Would we see capital and labor arrayed
in deadly strife were society to recog-
nize that labor and capital should deal
with each other as each would wish to
be dealt by were their positions reversed?
Would the wealthy despise the poor, or
the poor envy the wealthy; would the
strong oppress the weak, or the cunning
defraud the unworried minded, if the
law of Christian charity, to love the
neighbor as ourselves, were the rule and
guide of daily life? And what renders it
still more incumbent upon us to show
ourselves good Catholics, and conse-
quently good citizens, is the fact that
outside the church there is no remedy
for the evils just indicated. Natural
means will not suffice. The stream can
not rise higher than its source. More
than this, friction and other obstacles
will prevent its rising to that height.
How, then, can we expect human nature,
fallen as it is and impeded by its prej-
udices and passions, to do a work that
would tax its efforts, even were it in the
state of integrity and free from the
various obstacles by which it is clogged?
God alone, working through his church,
can accomplish all this. He alone, by
raising the natural man to the realms
of the supernatural, can perfect nature in
its own order, and by his help enable it
to take the measures necessary for its
own regeneration. And this is the
higher, supernatural work in which you
are called to assist; this is the work to
which you are bound by the motto of
your society.

Courage, gentlemen of the Young
Men's Institute. It is upon your organi-
zation, and others of a similar kind, that
our holy mother the church relies, at
least in part, to counteract the evils
which afflict modern society. Bishops
and priests must indeed direct, and by
the sacraments and other means of grace
furnish the needed strength; you of the
laity form the mass of God's people and
you must do the bulk of his work. True,
the evils with which you contend are
great and numerous, whilst compared
with the masses to be regenerated your
numbers are small and, humanly speak-
ing, unequal to the task. And yet it
was only last Sunday that we were read-
ing the gospel which tells of the small
amount of leaven leavening the entire
mass. Associations like yours will be,
let us trust, the small yet vivifying germ
which, injected into modern society, will
quicken it into a new and higher life,

whose motto will be your own, "For
God and for Country."
WILLIAM HENRY ELDER,
Archbishop of Cincinnati and Supreme
Chaplain of Young Men's Institute.

IRELAND.

Record of the Most Important of
the Recent Events Culled
From Exchanges.

The Chief Inspector of Factories has
appointed Dr. J. Aird to be certifying
surgeon under the factory acts for the
Bangor district of County Down.

J. J. Hall, son of A. Hall, J. P., Lin-
crick, has been promoted from being
accountant at the Lismore branch of
the National Bank to manager of the
Moate branch.

On Tuesday the first anniversary of the
late Most Rev. Dr. McGivern, Lord
Bishop of Down, was observed in the
Cathedral, Newry, his Eminence Cardi-
nal Logue presiding.

The beautiful memorial erected by the
people of Cappawhite and other friends
of the late Father Crowe was unveiled
on Sunday in the presence of a large
number of spectators.

Whilst hunting with the Meath hounds
on Tuesday Capt. Steels, of Cionisilla,
had a bad fall from his horse, which
rolled over him. He suffered a broken
leg and is much prostrated.

A. C. Dixon, professor of mathematics
in Queen's College, Galway, has been
appointed professor of mathematics in
Queen's College, Belfast. The Galway
professorship is accordingly vacant.

The directors of the Belfast Banking
Company have appointed Joseph Watson
Connell to be manager of the East End
Branch, Mountpottinger, Belfast, in suc-
cession to the late Robert S. Ferguson.

At noon on Monday in the Ulster
Hall, Belfast, a grand bazaar was opened
in aid of the Good Shepherd Home,
Ballynafeigh, by his Lordship the Most
Rev. Dr. Henry, Bishop of Down and
Counor.

At the meeting of the Cork corporation
Barry Galvin was unanimously elected
law agent, and Florence McCarthy was
appointed town clerk by thirty-five votes,
as against nineteen recorded for Michael
Murphy, solicitor.

At Castlebar a man named Joe Wilson,
of Glasgow, alias John Connor, of Mayo,
alias John Collins, of Ballinrobe, alias
John Sweeney, of Connemal, was re-
manded, charged with robbing a till in
a shop in the main street.

On Tuesday night, at the invitation of
the Very Reverend President and Fathers
of Blackrock College, a large number of
the members of the Blackrock College
Union assembled at the college for the
annual concert and conversation.

On Saturday the remains of the late
Father Taffie, of Tullyallen, were in-
terred in the graveyard attached to the
church which he was mainly instru-
mental in building. His Eminence Cardi-
nal Logue presided at the obsequies.

On Tuesday a new boat, called the
Countess Grosvenor, was launched from
the boat-building yard recently estab-
lished by the Congested Districts Board
on Arran Island. The christening cere-
mony was performed by the Countess
Grosvenor.

Pierce O'Mahony, speaking as Chair-
man of a United Irish League meeting at
Dunlavin, said that, though a landlord,
he was proud to stand on such a platform
and to advocate compulsory sale and
purchase as the only solution of the
Irish land question. He thought the

landlords' time could be better occupied
in smoothing the way for purchase than
in complaining of what they called in-
justice done to them by the land act of
1881. Speeches were also delivered by
Messrs. James O'Connor, D. J. Cogan, J.
J. Clancy and P. O'Brien, M. P's.

A boy named Denis O'Connor, aged
about nine years, died at midnight on
Monday night at the North Infirmary,
Cork. He had sustained internal injuries
about a week ago through a car accident,
and was admitted a few days subse-
quently to the Infirmary.

An inquest was held at Tullow on the
body of Richard Mooney, an engine-
driver employed on the G. S. & W. rail-
way. It appeared that the unfortunate
man had accidentally fallen from his
engine and sustained terrible injuries. A
verdict of accidental death was returned.

At Limerick on Monday Mr. Hickson
held an investigation into the charge
preferred against John McMahon of un-
lawfully inflicting injuries on a laborer
named James Liddy, Seymour's lane,
from which he died. Accused was com-
mitted for trial to the Munster Winter
Assizes.

On Saturday the body of a farmer
named William Wilson was found in a
disused limestone quarry at Drumcoo,
near Coalisland. The deceased had been
missing since the 3rd inst.—his legs had
been tied together with his suspenders.
A large sum of money was found in his
pockets.

The Manchester martyrs' procession
through the streets of Dublin to Glas-
nevin cemetery was the most imposing
for many years. Celebrations of the an-
niversary were also held at Kilkenny,
where the Mayor of Limerick spoke; at
Cork, at Limerick, Waterford, Down-
patrick and elsewhere.

T. Newenan Harvey died at his resi-
dence, Newton, on Monday, Mr. Har-
vey, who had attained his seventieth
year, was head of the great printing and
bookbinding firm of Harvey & Co.,
which gives employment to a large num-
ber of hands. He sat for one of the
Wards in the Waterford corporation, and
his death is much regretted.

On Thursday the County Coroner held
an inquest in the Irishtown morgue on
the remains of John Butler, aged twenty-
six, a carpenter and a native of Bally-
glassheen, County Tipperary, who had
been missing since November 2, and who
was found drowned in the river Liffey.
There was no evidence to show how the
deceased had been drowned.

Great indignation was evinced by the
Catholic parishioners of Lurgan when it
became known that St. Peter's church
had been entered during Saturday night
or early Sunday morning by some indi-
viduals who had rifled the collection
boxes in the church. From investiga-
tions made it appears that the persons
who committed this outrage had entered
by the sacristy window.

Intelligence has reached Newtownards
of a sad drowning accident which oc-
curred at Donaghadee. A woman whose
name is Saunders had been, it appears,
taking her customary walk along the
shore, when she accidentally tripped over
one of the cobbles along the shore wall
and fell into the water. When picked
up it was found life was extinct. She
was unmarried and about seventy years
of age.

At the meeting of the Dublin County
Council Chairman P. J. O'Neill called
attention to the great amount of lunacy
that was produced by intemperance and
the great increase in the cost of lunatic
asylums in Ireland, and moved a resolu-
tion to the effect that the entire of this
rapidly-increasing burden should be

transferred from local to imperial taxa-
tion. The resolution was unanimously
carried.

At Balbriggan a laborer named
Michael Brady, aged about forty-five
years, while employed along with a
mason named Patrick Bisset, fell off the
roof of the Hamilton Arms Hotel, which
they were repairing, through a ladder
slipping. Brady leaves a widow and
three young children to mourn his loss.
Bisset also fell, and received some serious
injuries. The ladder, it appears, was not
safely secured.

On Wednesday an accident occurred in
a new wing which is being constructed
in the Convent of the Annunciation,
Mullingar. While removing stais from
under a concrete roof it suddenly col-
lapsed, and Patrick Willis, Joseph Dar-
gan and Patrick Casey were hurled to
the ground. Casey was only slightly
injured, but the others were more seri-
ously hurt, and had to be removed to
Westmeath Infirmary.

Our Drogheda correspondent an-
nounces the death of Patrick Byrne, an
old and venerable Mayor of that town,
which took place at his residence, West
street, at the advanced age of eight-five.
He held the Mayoral office in the year
1860, and was the eighteenth Mayor of
the reformed corporation. Until a few
years ago he was President of the Drogh-
eda Conference of St. Vincent de Paul,
and held the position of President for
about thirteen years.

Miniature green copies of the posters
which were torn down by the police in
Malloy last Sunday were found to have
been put up in the glass tops of the
public lamp-posts of the town. This
novel device for spreading the light in
connection with the town laborers' and
artisans' grievances regarding the Town
Commissioners' proposed scheme of
workmen's houses, of which complaint
was made in the destroyed posters re-
ferred to, was also objected to by the
police, who removed the offending cir-
culars by climbing the lamp-posts.

On Tuesday the remains of the late
Very Rev. James Walsh, Kilquade,
County Wicklow, were interred in the
little graveyard surrounding the old
parish church in which the late vener-
able pastor officiated for so many years,
in presence of a large concourse of
mourners. A solemn office, followed by
requiem mass, was chanted in the
church. His Grace the Archbishop of
Dublin presided. The Most Rev. Dr.
Donnelly, Bishop of Canea, was also
present, and there was a large attendance
of the clergy of the diocese and of the
deceased clergyman's parishioners.

A bog-slip has occurred at the village
of Rushinstown. There are two villages
named Rushinstown, known as the Upper
and Lower. Lower Rushinstown consists
of sixty families, all occupying small
holdings of from three to four acres. On
the southwestern side of the village about
400 yards of the bog broke away, and
moving at the rate of about twenty yards
in the hour descended on the village,
and having crossed the public road and
blocked up a river that runs past it
settled down to a depth of about twenty
feet on the lands of Lower Rushinstown.
The occupier of one of the houses had
to flee for his life, leaving all his effects
behind him. As many of the villagers
had their potatoes out they will be
practically ruined.

GREAT SUN CIRCLE.

May Not Be Seen Again For
Hundreds of
Years.

A meteorological observation that will
become historic was made at Cleveland
last Saturday by the Rev. Frederick
Odenbach, S. J., professor of physics in
St. Ignatius College. The observation
was that of the great sun circle or halo of
Hevelius, which has only been observed
three times before, and probably never
so perfect. Hundreds of years may pass
before it is observed again. The inner
circle of 22 degrees was complete, por-
tions of the 46 degree circles were dis-
tinct, and the great circle of Hevelius
was distinct for half the circumference.

The friends of John D. Crimmins are
urging Mayor Low to name him for one
of New York's Park Commissioners.
They have impressed the Mayor with the
fitness for the office.

IRISH SOCIETY DIRECT

A. O. H.

DIVISION I

Meets on the Second and Fourth
day Evenings of Each Month.
President—Thomas J. Dolan.
Vice President—Newton C. Rogers.
Recording Secretary—Mike Tynan.
Financial Secretary—Peter J. C.
1911 Bank street.
Treasurer—John Mulloy.

DIVISION 2

Meets on the Second and Fourth T
day Evenings of Each Month.
President—William T. Meenan.
Vice President—Con J. Ford.
Recording Secretary—John J. Sullivan.
Financial Secretary—John T. Ke
1335 Rogers street.
Treasurer—Owen Keiran.

DIVISION 4

Meets on the Second and Fourth V
day Evenings of Each Month.
President—John Hennessy.
Vice President—Thomas Lynch.
Recording Secretary—John M.
Financial Secretary—Joe P. Mc
515 West Chestnut.
Assistant—Dave Reilly.
Treasurer—Harry Brady.

DIVISION 1, JEFFERSONVILLE
Meets on the First and Third Tu
at Pfau's Hall.
County President—William Reill
President—Robert Gleason.
Vice President—B. A. Coll.
Recording Secretary—John J. Dev
Financial Secretary—Frank Hogan
Treasurer—Michael Kinney.

IRISH-AMERICAN SOCIETY
Meets at Hibernian Hall First and Th
Thursday Evenings of Each Month.
President—Joseph Nevin.
First Vice President—Thos. W. Tar
Second Vice President—Wm. Lawle
Recording Secretary—John J. Flynn
Financial Secretary—Joseph Byrne
Treasurer—Thomas Keenan.
Sergeant—John Keeney.
Sentinel—Timothy Lyons.

HOLIDAY SPECI
—AT—
COLEMAN'S
1731 Portland Ave.

WASH DRESS GOOD

Blue and Black, 15c per yard.
Mixed Fancy, 50c per yard.
Solid Black Best Serge, 60c.
Extra Heavy Fancy, 85c.
White and Red Fancy Golf Glove,
Flannel, fancy stripe, Persian
up to date shades, 10c per yard.
Laundered Fancy Shirts, extra qual
only 50c.
Fancy Holiday Handkerchiefs, 10c
25c.

Good 10-4 Blankets, 4c.
Table Damask, new patterns, 15c to 30c.
Latest Silk Neckwear, 25c.
Ladies' Mitts, 5c and upwards.

SHOES. SHOES.

Men's Fancy Dress, box calf, double
soles, \$2 and \$2.75.
Embossed and Patent Leather Shoes, \$3
to \$3.50.
Boys' Circlette Soles, \$1.25 and \$1.50
Boys' Box Calf, fine dress shoes, \$1.50
and \$1.60.
Child's Spring Heel, Kid and Dongola
60c and 85c.
Infant's Kid and Dongola Shoes, 35c
to 65c.
Misses' Custom-made Fine Dress Shoes
\$1 to \$1.60.
Ladies' Custom-made Shoes, double
sole and high ankle, \$2 and \$2.25.
Custom Patent Tip, heavy sole, \$1.25
and \$1.50.
Ladies' best Kid and Patent Leather
Shoes, \$2 to \$2.25.

D. J. COLEMAN,
1731 Portland Ave.

Christmas Gift

HOLIDAY

RATES

VIA

BIG FOUR ROUTE

On December 21, 25 and 31, 1901, and
January 1, 1902, tickets will be on sale
between all local points on the "Big
Four Route" and D. & U. R. R.; also to
many points on connecting lines in Cen-
tral Passenger Association territory, at a
rate of one and one-third fare for the
round trip. Tickets will be good for
return to and including January 2, 1902.
For full information and particulars as to
schedules, rates, tickets, etc., call on
agents "Big Four Route" or address the
undersigned. Warren J. Lynch, General
Passenger and Ticket Agent; W. B.
Deppe, Assistant General Passenger and
Ticket Agent, Cincinnati, Ohio.
S. J. Gates, General Agent, Louisville, Ky.

LOW RATES TO NORTHWEST

Home Seekers Excursions via Mono

Route.

The Monon route will sell round
tickets at slightly in excess of one fare
November 5 and 19 and December 3
17 to points in Arizona, British Colum-
bia, Colorado, Idaho, Iowa, Manitoba,
Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska, New
North Dakota, Oregon, South Da-
kota, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin and
Yonkers. Tickets will be good for
twenty-one days from date of issue
and will bear stop-over at any point in
home territory for ten days.

KENTUCKY IRISH AMERICAN.

ded to the Moral and Social Advancement of all Irish Americans.

WILLIAM M. HIGGINS, Publisher.

SCRIPTION PRICE, ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 5c.

Entered at the Louisville Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

All Communications to the KENTUCKY IRISH AMERICAN, 326 West Green Street



LOUISVILLE, KY. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1901.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

The death of Right Reverend Ignor Gambon St. Patrick's mourns the loss of a devoted zealous father, the poor a sympathizing help, the diocese an efficient worker, and the community a devout and exemplary man whose life's work was for the general good and the lightening of the burdens and ills of humanity. The sorrow of all attempts the high esteem in which he was held. But he lived and labored for the glory of this world. He has gone to his reward.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.

The value of advertising is well known to every merchant, but the question of how and where is not so easily settled. It has been discussed pro and con in conventions, assemblies, in the various trade papers, on the streets and elsewhere, and the consensus of opinion seems to be that newspaper advertising is the most remunerative form, and brings quicker and more lasting returns.

Now when the shops are full of bright and pretty articles displayed so attractively for the holiday shopper the merchant who advertises is the one who finds his store most liberally patronized, and in looking over the day's sales he is the one who is most satisfied with the day's business.

In selecting a medium for advertising all papers are not of the same value. Many things must be taken into account. The retailer wants a paper that goes right into the family and is read not only by the head of the house but by every member thereof, for each and every one at various times is a purchaser, and this is the trade that is wanted. As only a clean, bright paper will fill this bill, so it is that these papers have the preference.

The wholesaler, while not overlooking the family paper, sees in the trade papers his best medium of communication with his patrons, and also in those periodicals which reach the outlying country districts.

And it is not only the merchants who have found newspaper advertising of unexcelled value, but even the bankers are beginning to see the new light and in the East are using this means of letting the public know where they are situated and that they are ready for want business. So it is with other lines, and it behooves the up-to-date man of affairs to act accordingly. An advertisement in a newspaper of good circulation, set up in attractive form, catches the eye and is read and pondered where other kinds are passed by.

JUDGE DUNNE RIGHT.

Judge Haney, of Chicago, who called his name Hennessy before he was a judge, and who was brought into ridicule and badly beaten in the recent Mayoralty campaign, again appears on the boards, cheered down by Judge Dunne. It is said Haney has no love for several Chicago newspapers since the Mayoralty election. He recently made a decision in a gas suit, which was subjected to criticism and cartooning by the Chicago press. Judge Haney ordered the arrest of the editor and the man who wrote the cartoon.

corpus and were released on bond. Last Saturday Judge Dunne decided the case, holding that Judge Haney having decided and finally disposed of the gas suit, there could be no contempt in criticising and ridiculing the decision or the judge, and ordered the dismissal of the parties. Judge Haney, who is in for more ridicule and denunciation, consoles himself with the assertion that though Judge Dunne had the legal power he had no right to interfere with the contempt proceedings in his (Haney's) court. The proper interpretation of that remark is the subject of comment and amusement in Chicago, to the annoyance of Haney. Orders for the arrest of six other attaches of the American for contempt are yet unserved, and it is likely they will be pigeon-holed, as Haney evidently has enough, even if he has not succeeded in upholding the dignity of his court.

WRONG WAY AND RIGHT WAY

"Save us from our friends" may well be the prayer of the Boers in regard to the course of some of their sympathizers in this country.

At a meeting in Detroit resolutions were adopted condemning the attitude and policy of the United States in the English-Boer war, and demanding that our government stop England's buying horses and mules in this country, and that the United States mediate to bring about peace in South Africa. Such action, however well intended, injures the cause of the Boers in this country, because based upon ignorance or disregard of facts, the law of nations and the lawful rights and duty of the government. The United States Government, being at peace with both belligerents, under international law has pursued the only proper course—strict neutrality, allowing to each all legal rights and deying to each any privilege violating international law, compelling both to observe our laws and respect the rights and property of Americans everywhere.

Both are permitted to purchase and ship what they please from this country, the English buying principally horses and mules, and the Boers all kinds of supplies, arms and ammunition, while both are forbidden to enlist men, organize or send from American territory hostile forces or expeditions. This is in accordance with international law, and the Boer authorities have expressed their satisfaction at the position and course of the United States, while England has suggested a restriction of Boer rights in the matter.

The United States government months ago offered its services as mediator to stop the war, the offer still standing unaccepted.

Thus the denunciation of the United States government is unjust as the demands are senseless, all being based on ignorance or misrepresentation. Such action can not benefit, but may injure the Boer cause in this country by giving rise to the idea that it is the Boers who prompt denunciation of our government and unreasonable and unlawful demands upon it, for the American people, while heartily sympathizing with the Boers, are quick to resent unjust condemnation and attempts to dictate their government policy by foreign powers.

The resolutions were ordered sent to President Roosevelt, who will doubtless consign them to the waste basket, though he may reply to them as a courtesy.

How different in character, utterance, action and results the meeting in Chicago last Sunday night.

It was called to aid in relieving the distress of the Boer women and children, to protest against brutality of the war, and to urge the United States Government to use its influences to bring about a cessation of excesses and if possible peace. The meeting was large, including prominent citizens of all parties and creeds; the speakers were Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, Archbishop Spalding and others, the speeches and resolutions were devoid of rant, rancor, denunciation or ridicule, and over \$5,000 was subscribed for the Boers. The protests were in the name of civilization and humanity, emphatic but respectful; the request of the Government was as citizens and properly addressed to Congress and the President; do not accuse or condemn the Government for inaction in matters beyond its authority, for what it has already done, nor ask that which it can not consistently grant. Such meetings, respectful protests and requests on the part of citizens command respectful consideration, not only of this government, but of all governments, and will be most likely to produce the desired result, the stopping of brutality, if not the war, in South Africa. Their endorsement by this Government and presentation to the Government of Great Britain, coming from a government at peace and friendly, and for which Great Britain professes friendship, can not be regarded as unfriendly, and is more likely to be effective. Besides, it will probably be the forerunner of similar action by other governments, for as it will be an expression of the public sentiment of the United States, it will point the way for the people of other nations to give expression to their sentiments on what has excited indignation everywhere.

Even the most powerful nation can not withstand public sentiment, and only the vainglorious will attempt it; for public sentiment rules, makes and unmakes governments, after all, armies and navies to the contrary. Such meetings and action as that in Chicago should be held in every city, and the matter pressed upon Congress and the President, and backed by public sentiment, will be pushed to practical and effective results—peaceably if possible, but effective if the United States Government attempts it.

The anti-Chamberlain demonstrations in Germany, which seem to be spreading, are developing into a pro-Boer party, denouncing the British barbarity in South Africa and demanding that the German government intervene to stop it. This is causing grave apprehension in England, where the agitation in favor of the Boers is compared with the agitation in favor of the Cubans in the United States which caused the war with Spain and the liberation of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. It is argued that the situation and the conditions are the same, and some incident is likely to occur, like the blowing up of the Maine, that may force or give an excuse for Germany or some other power to intervene in behalf of the Boers, causing possibly a general European war, and certain embarrassment if not serious loss to England. This feeling is affecting the stock market and general trade which are already greatly depressed.

President Roosevelt is right about anarchy. It defies and violates all law and rights; teaches, encourages, aids and commits crime; all anarchists, and those who uphold and approve anarchy, aid and abet crime and as such should be amenable to the law, as all other criminals, their aids and abettors; that anarchists should be excluded from this country, and all anarchists in the country deported; anarchist organizations, teachings and literature suppressed and their utterance, publication and circulation prohibited and punished by severe penalties. Anarchy is outlawry, and it and its advocates should be treated as outlaws by all law-abiding governments. Any government that refuses or fails to so treat anarchists should be forced to keep and harbor them within its own boundaries, and enjoy the exclusive blessing of their doctrines and efforts to better the conditions of the human race.

That part of President Roosevelt's message referring to labor indicates that the President's views are in accord with the labor unions. If Congress will carry out his suggestions organized labor will gain what it has been pleading and working for, that is so far as the Federal Government has authority to grant it.

Now is the time to remember your friends with a memento that will remind them of you all year. Send them the Kentucky Irish American for a year.

In placing their advertising, merchants should not overlook the Kentucky Irish American, as by going into many families it is an excellent medium.

As a means of reaching purchasers the Kentucky Irish American stands near the top of the list, and advertisers should make a note of the fact.

Do not let the matter of smoke consumers drop. Keep at it diligently, in season and out, till the desired result has been accomplished.

PARSONS RE-ELECTED.

Action May Be Void, As It Was By Retiring Board of Works.

The eagerness for public office is causing all sorts of technical scheming and procedure, even risking illegality, and insuring litigation and confusion in public business. The City Engineer is elected by the Board of Public Works, and Clarence Parsons was so selected for his expiring term. The new Board of Public Works is believed to be hostile to Mr. Parsons, so to hold on to his office for the ensuing term the majority of the old board, Satterwhite and Jefferson, in its last hours of official tenure re-elected Parsons for the coming four years. The new board will likely resent this infringement on their prerogative of naming their subordinate officers, and either ignore his re-election or remove him, and elect a City Engineer for the coming term.

SWEPT BOSTON.

Gen. Collins and Democratic Ticket Elected by Largest Vote in City's History.

Gen. Patrick A. Collins was elected Mayor of Boston Tuesday and with him the entire Democratic ticket, a complete reversal of two years ago. That this was due to the popularity of Gen. Collins seems evident from the fact that he received over 52,000 votes, the largest vote ever received by any Mayoralty candidate in the Hub City, and a plurality of 20,000 over Mayor Hart, carrying eighteen of the twenty-five wards. Two years ago Hart was elected by a plurality of 2,281. The campaign was unusually active and vigorously pushed by both parties, and the registration and vote nearly 50 per cent. greater than two years ago.

The Democrats elected the Street Commissioner, a majority of the School Commissioners and both branches of the City Council. Notwithstanding the active canvass and large vote the election passed off quietly.

RECENT DEATHS.

The funeral of Miss Catherine Hurley, whose death caused sincere sorrow among her wide circle of New Albany friends, took place Monday morning from Holy Trinity church, Rev. Father Kelly celebrating the solemn high mass of requiem.

The death of Mrs. Margaret Corrigan last Sunday morning came as a great shock to her many friends, as she had only been ill a short time. The deceased was one of the city's first inhabitants and resided in Limerick until several years ago, when she moved to her late residence, 1111 Underhill street. The deceased leaves a family of six children and two grandchildren and numerous relatives, who sincerely mourn her loss. The funeral took place from St. John's church Wednesday morning. May her soul rest in peace.

Nellie, daughter of Michael and the late Alice Bench, died at the residence, 1832 Portland avenue, early Wednesday morning. She had been ill for some time, being attended by Father Gambon, and had changed for the better, but suddenly grew worse with the result that she died about an hour before her father's funeral. Miss Bench was esteemed for her good qualities, and her death causes great sorrow. The funeral service Friday morning was held in St. Cecilia church and the interment in St. Louis cemetery.

The Marquis of Queensberry is in great financial straits and may any day be adjudged a bankrupt. Sir Robert Peel, another distinguished English bankrupt, has thus far escaped the jail, where his angry creditors would like to land him.

[Written for Kentucky Irish American.] A LILY OF THE SACRED HEART.

Tall and slender—a flower frail,
With eyes of blue and teeth like pearl.
The thoughtful face so bright and pale,
Reflects the soul of this sweet girl.

Her gentle heart—Love's golden mine,
Like the sun shedding his warm rays
On all around, to God—Love Divine,
Is consecrated forever—all her days.

To honor our Lord, she gladly gives
Of her young life, the "better part,"
Fair bride of Heaven, she happily lives,
A Lily sweet of the Sacred Heart.

KATHLEEN DON LEAVY.

SOCIETY.

Mr. Joseph Piazza, the recently elected President of Trinity Council, Y. M. I., who will be installed at the first meeting



in January, is deservedly promoted, having faithfully served the council in other official duties. Mr. Piazza is a trusted employ of R. J. Thornton & Co., the well known coffee and spice firm.

Mr. John J. Sullivan, the retiring President of Trinity Council, closes an efficient and successful administration, the council



oil having grown and prospered under his guidance. He is one of the Grand Directors of the Young Men's Institute, well known and popular throughout the city.

John E. Roche arrived home Saturday from Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Monahan have returned from Missouri.

Mrs. Frank Sheehan has been visiting friends in Bowling Green.

Miss Marjorie Wyler, a pretty visitor from Bowling Green, has returned home.

Rev. Father G. A. Vantroostenberg, of Holy Cross, was here the first part of the week.

Mrs. D. A. Shanahan left Monday for Washington, to be the guest of Miss Mary Flannery.

J. V. Murphy, a well known citizen of Georgetown, was here for a visit of a few days this week.

Miss Anita Muldoon was the star Monday night at the greatest musicale ever given in Cincinnati.

Miss Lucy Kearney, who has been the guest of Mrs. Upton Muir, has returned to her home in New York.

Mrs. John Hays will entertain on the evening of December 23 for Miss Hildegarde McKenna, of Washington.

Miss Kathleen Cunningham, who has been ill with the mumps at her home in the Highlands, is again able to be out.

Miss Lula Robertson has returned to her home in Elizabethtown, after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Theodore Winter-Smith.

Mr. Charles L. Jacques, who was taken suddenly and seriously ill about three months ago, has improved so that he is able to be out.

Miss Helen Traylor, a charming visitor from Jasper, returned to her home Monday, after spending a pleasant week with the Misses Hines in Jeffersonville.

Howard Gleason, well known in the Highlands, has accepted a position in Southern Kentucky, and will be absent from the city for the next three months.

Engineer Lee Larkin, whose illness last week prevented his removal from Lexington, will recover, his condition having changed for the better. His home is at 901 Twenty-eighth street.

Mr. Emile Gross, 2516 West Walnut street, formerly with Seelbach and the Louisville Hotel, but for the past two years holding a good position at Lakeland, has returned to this city and is now associated with James Connell at Seventh and Zane streets, where he will be pleased to have all his friends call on him.

...PIANOS...

Do you intend buying a Piano for Xmas? If so don't do it till you get our prices and see the largest stock in the city.

Chickering,
Decker & Son,
Kingsbury,

Geo. Steck & Co.,
Schubert,
Smith & Barnes,

And Other Good Makes of Pianos. We Guarantee You Will

SAVE \$50 TO \$100.

SEE THE SPECIAL BARGAINS WE OFFER THIS MONTH—CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

MONTENEGRO-RIEHL MUSIC CO.

628 and 630 Fourth Ave., Louisville, Ky.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

Prayer Books. Devotional Books.

Books of Instruction, Devotion, Etc. All the Latest Catholic Publications. Catholic Tales and Novels. Rosaries, Candlesticks, Statuary, Crucifixes, Holy Water Fonts, Sanctuary Lamps, Albums, Medallions, Lamps, Etc.

Everything in the Religious Line. Appropriate Christmas and New Year gifts.

CHARLES A. ROGERS

434 WEST JEFFERSON ST.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY.

THOMAS KEENAN.

Dougherty & Keenan,
UNDERTAKERS.

1225 West Market Street, Bet. Twelfth and Thirteenth

TELEPHONE 1240-2.

All Calls Promptly Attended to, Day or Night. Carriages Furnished for All Occasions.

GENEROUS PRINTERS.

Furnish Ward For Sick Members at the New Hospital.

The members of Typographical Union No. 10 of this city have undertaken a work of charity that reflects great credit upon them individually and as an organization. The union has appointed a committee with instructions to furnish a ward at the new St. Anthony's Hospital for sick and unfortunate members, and the gentlemen are now performing this work. When completed the ward will contain five beds, and the furnishings will be as fine as any in the institution. President Owen appointed the following gentlemen, who are now visiting the various offices and receiving subscriptions toward the fund: William M. Higgins, John P. Stack, Thomas I. Ledwith, James Caldwell and A. C. Grace. They will purchase the furniture and everything necessary for the ward, upon the door of which will be placed a plate bearing the inscription, "Typographical Union No. 10."

The commendable spirit exhibited by the printers will be better appreciated when it is understood that all pay a monthly assessment for their magnificent Childs-Drexel Home at Colorado Springs for their aged and incapacitated members. The institution has won the admiration of the Christian world, and is yet without an equal in this or any other country.

And right here we would again urge our readers to have their printing done in union offices, where these good men find employment, fair wages and reasonable hours.

CAUGHT THE ROBBER.

Officer Lawler Arrests Will Cook In Schneider's Store.

Officer Will Lawler captured a negro burglar named William Cook last Sunday night in Schneider's produce and commission store, and the business houses for some time to come will have one less desperate character to contend with. The thief was a big, husky fellow, who at first showed fight, but when the brave officer presented his pistol, with the warning that he was nervous, the black rascal weakened and submitted to arrest. The officer entered the store alone and without assistance captured his man, who was hiding behind the rear counter. People should all be careful at this time of the year, as there are many petty thieves waiting a chance to steal anything they can lay hands on. This is the first attempt on officer Lawler's part, and his vigilance will act as a warning to others.

UNITED STATES SENATOR.

The big Kentucky politicians are watching with lively interest the movements of the candidates for United States Senator. R. G. McCreary is in the lead, but there are those who think Judge Cantrill may get the plunk when the caucus meets. Congressman Wheeler has no chance whatever of getting a majority vote in it.



'TIS NO SECRET.

I am glad to tell you the cause of my rich, glossy suit of hair. Yes, Dandruff became very annoying, my hair was rapidly falling out, gray hairs began to appear, the hairs were split at the ends. I tried everything to get relief, finally

BALDINE DID IT.

When the hair becomes starved it needs a hair tonic, something to invigorate its weakened condition. BALDINE is guaranteed to

Stop Falling Hair and Remove Dandruff

It permeates the hair follicles and gives renewed strength to the hair growth. It prevents BALDNESS, and if bald, positively produces a new hair growth. Every woman who values a luxuriant growth of hair should make frequent use of Baldine. It is a delightful hair dressing and tonic.

Get it of your Druggist or write to:

BALDINE MANUFACTURING CO.

200 W. MARKET ST., LOUISVILLE, KY.

RENEZ DRUG CO., Distributors.

Have You a Friend?

Granted....

That you have—then why not send him a bottle or gallon jug of

Old McKenna Whisky

for a holiday gift—neatly cased in unmarked boxes of 1, 2, 3, 4, 6 or 12 bottles each. Send us address; we'll guarantee safe delivery to any part of the United States.

Merit Wins,

So we want your Christmas order for high-class Wines and Brandies—Imported Munchener, Wurtzburger or Pilsener Beers, etc. Have you tried our Peach and Honey or Apple and Honey?

OLD BLUE HOUSE,

HENRY BOSQUET, PROP.

245 Fourth Avenue.

"MONEY TO LOAN."

The Raffeissau aystem seems already in use in some parts of this country. The current Iowa Catholic, of Davenport, contains an advertisement of the Catholic Mutual Protective Society of Iowa, which states the organization has money to loan at a remarkably low rate of interest. The purpose of the society is to preserve the homesteads of struggling laborers against the confiscatory interest charged by shark corporations. The motive is an excellent one.

RAFFO



Has received all the new and novel ideas in

Holiday Furniture

and they comprise the handsomest things ever seen in this city. Sideboards, Dressers, Music Cabinets, Combinations, China Closets, Rockers, Desks, Chairs, Tables, Tabourettes, Stands and Parlor Pieces, etc., etc.

Every article offered for sale is fully guaranteed as to quality and low price. You get exactly what you buy and you get it whenever you want it. We guarantee satisfaction, also.

321

W. Market St.

Bet. Third and Fourth.

IF YOU WANT

Pure, Straight Whisky

For Medicinal Purposes

GET IT FROM

J. P. DANT,

AT THE

Pioneer Bottling House,

913 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

WM. NORTON & SON

N. E. COR. NINTH AND BROADWAY,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Feed and Commission Merchants.

Dealers in Flour, Lime and Cement. Special attention given to country produce. TELEPHONE 1122.

HARPER WHISKY

Famous at home for generations past. Famous now all over the world. "A three-time winner." Gold medals at Paris, 1900; World's Fair, 1893; New Orleans, 1885.

BERNHHEIM BROS.

Sole Controllers. Louisville, Ky.

VAL'S SALOON,

442 West Green Street,

VAL. LESTER, Proprietor.

WINE, LIQUORS, CIGARS, ETC.

Hot Lunch Every Morning from 9:30 to 12:30 O'Clock.

JOHN E. WALTERS' FRANK.

Clay-Street Brewery,

812 and 814 CLAY STREET.

Telephone 209-2. LOUISVILLE, KY.

THEATRICALS.

"Laughter holding both its sides" will be practically illustrated at the Buckingham next week, the occasion being the first appearance this season of Harry William's Imperial Burlesquers, numbering thirty-five people. The principal comedy parts are in the hands of the well known comedians, John Cain, John Barton, James Tenbrooke and Harry M. Stewart, while the feminine contingent is well represented by such regal beauties as Edna Ulline, Grace Forrest Burke and Blanche Newcomb. Following the first part is a well selected olio of vaudeville acts, introducing America's sweet singer, Blanche Newcomb, and Charlotte Coates, the popular song illustrators. The closing feature will be a spirited military review entitled "On To The Front." It is brim full of funny situations, striking scenery and pretty girls.

The Avenue had crowded houses the past week enjoying the "Volunteer Organist," a new and beautiful pastoral play. For next week, beginning matinee tomorrow, "For Her Sake" will be the bill. It is a thrilling play, recounting

the love of a Russian prince for a peasant, trials and heroism, intrigue and devotion, elaborately costumed and magnificent scenery, the scenes being in Russia and Siberia. Usual matinees.

The Masonic Temple Theater, as a result of loss in patronage due to the panic of a few weeks ago, closed its doors last Saturday, Col. Moffett being unable to continue it. There is universal sympathy for the manager and company. The company tried to resume, but it seems their plans have failed.

IRISH-AMERICAN SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of the Irish-American Society will be held next Thursday evening, and all members are urged to attend. The election of officers will take place and several important propositions pertaining to the welfare and future policy of the society are to be considered and disposed of. Several propositions for membership are pending and more are expected, as there are still many Irish-Americans who should affiliate with the organization.

Dublin dispatches say a warrant has been issued by Castle authorities for another Irish member of Parliament.

IRISH-AMERICANS IN LOUISVILLE.

Just a Few of the Men of the Irish Race and What They Have Done and Are Now Doing For the Material Advancement of Our Fair and Prosperous City.

Merchants, Manufacturers, Professional Men, Railroad Officials and Men of All Crafts, They Are a Factor That Must Be Always Taken Into Consideration.

Prominent as Politicians, They Have Served the City and State in Almost Every Capacity With Satisfaction and Ability and All Find Favor.

"What have the Irish and Irish-Americans done for Louisville?" is a question that is frequently asked in these days. And again, "Who are the Irish-Americans in Louisville?"

Both questions can be answered, but to be answered comprehensively and intelligently would take months of toil and investigation—not because the answers are hard to find, but because the men and women of the Irish race have been intimately associated with the history of Louisville from its founding. They have formed part and parcel of its advancement and development in every line. From the humble laborer to the leaders of the bar, in the manufacturing line, in the mercantile line, in the ministry, in the practice of medicine, in politics and in every pursuit the people of the Irish race have and are now playing a prominent part in this fair city.

No newspaper sketch, then, can give the public any idea of what the Irish people have done and are doing for this prosperous city of ours. Their history is so closely interwoven with the history of Louisville that one can not be written without the other. Let it suffice, then, to say a few brief words about the Irish-Americans of Louisville of our own times.

Pick out any particular legitimate calling in the city and you will find Irish-Americans engaged therein—yes, and always near the top of their calling.

Take the lawyers. Are there any more able jurists, men more highly respected by their brother attorneys, than Hons. Matt O'Doherty and Edward J. McDermott. Both have national reputations as orators, profound thinkers; both are men who are not afraid to give utterance to their convictions. The one is a native of Ireland, the other a native of Kentucky, but inheriting his talents from his Irish parents, and both are proud to be reckoned among the Irish-Americans of Louisville. But these are not all. Thos. P. Walsh, Walter P. Lincoln, Newton J. Rogers, Alderman James J. Fitzgerald, Judge John McCann, Emmet Slattery and Prosecuting Attorney Robert Hagan are also among the Irish-Americans who are ornaments to the local bar.

In the medical profession who stands higher than Dr. William B. Doherty, a native of Ireland, or Dr. Corrigan, Dr. Clint Kelly and his son, the Corner-elect, Dr. Harris Kelly? These latter are Kentuckians born and bred, but they are proud of their Irish ancestry. But then these are only a few of the many physicians who boast of Irish blood.

In the architectural line the Irish-Americans are well represented. It was C. A. Curtin, known to his intimates as "Nell," who was the first man who had the hardihood to give Louisville a skyscraper, now the Columbia building, but when built was known as the Commercial Club building. It was the first building of modern improvements erected in Louisville and will remain long as a monument to the grit and ability of this genial Irish-American. But Architect Curtin has erected many other handsome buildings that reflect credit on his genius. D. Murphy is another Irish-American architect whose fame has spread beyond the State. Many of the newest and handsomest churches of the diocese of Louisville are specimens of his handiwork. Then there is that magnificent new Doherty flat building at Second and Guthrie streets, the work of James J. Gaffney, another Irish-American architect. W. J. O'Sullivan is another local architect and bridge builder, now designing bridges for the Louisville Bridge and Iron Company. Mr. O'Sullivan is one of that gifted family of geniuses of which his brother, Patrick O'Sullivan, the composer and musician, and Rev. Father Hugh and Anthony O'Sullivan, are a part.

In the marble and monument line where in Louisville can be found a man of wider reputation than our own Mike Muldoon, who is known in New York as well as in Louisville, and whose handsome works of art adorn cemeteries clear across the continent.

Take some of the manufacturing lines, brick and sewer pipe working, for instance. Who has achieved a greater measure of success than Pat Bannon, and who now, full of years and honor, is happy to see his three grown sons going ahead with his business, adding day by day to the wealth he accumulated by economy, integrity and strict attention to business. Yes, Pat Bannon can well be proud of his boys, Jeff and Richard and Patrick, Jr., who have all inherited their father's business talents.

Suppose you try a mercantile line—say the coal business. Are there any Irish-Americans in it? Look at this list: John P. Byrne, Charles J. O'Connor, Daniel Leahy, Dan Scanlon, Robert Watson, Joseph Dougherty, Joseph O'Donnell, John Duffy, Spalding Coleman, all either natives of Ireland or of Irish descent.

How about contractors? Have not the Nevins and Gleasons built more than half the streets in Louisville, and still members of these families are yet in the business, Joe Nevins and John R. Gleason.

Buying is an art. It requires a shrewd person to buy than to sell. That is the reason probably that Patrick E. Heuchely and Cornelius O'Brien are regarded as men of genius in their line—one recognized as the best cloak buyer in Louisville, the other as a leading buyer of dry goods and notions.

In the plastering business who is better known than Barney Campbell and his son John. In the employ of the various railroads and in various capacities there are scores of Irish-Americans like W. J. Harahan, recently made Chief Engineer of the Illinois Central road; Daniel J. Duane, Assistant Auditor of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company; Jeremiah Kavanagh, for more than thirty-six years foreman at the Louisville & Nashville shops, still there and good for many more years. Then there are railroad agents like T. B. McCabe, Will Newman, John Dignan, J. M. Ryan and L. A. Downs.

If you are searching for a steamboat pilot, where can you find one more capable than Daniel J. Kane?

If you want a stylish suit of clothes, don't you hunt up Pat Walsh, Matt Winn or James T. Moran, Ed Langan, Martin Cusick or Edward Clancy?

Are there any better known men in the distilling business than Alderman William J. O'Hearn, George McCann and James P. Roche. And wholesalers as well as James Thompson, James L. Hackett and John W. Slack.

Louisville is the greatest tobacco market in the world, and among the leading spirits of that market are such Irish-Americans as Edward J. O'Brien, Alderman Thomas Jefferson O'Bryan and John Laffan.

A stranger coming to Louisville and in search of a hotel finds George Mulligan and his brother Dave in charge of the Louisville Hotel, where you get the best the market affords.

In the high class plumbing line you will find men like Mike J. Duffy, Dave Welsh, Thomas Garvey and a host of others.

And there is Joe McWilliams, another Irish-American and a Kentuckian by adoption, the leading mechanical engineer. Martin and Joe Kirwan, owners of the only first-class saw-mill in the city, are of Irish descent.

Almost anybody will tell you that Owen Sullivan is the leading laundryman. Charley and Joe Byrne, the livestock dealers, are recognized everywhere as the best in their line and are Irish-Americans.

In the political line, say you? Yes, here, as everywhere on the face of the earth where God has scattered them, the Irish are in politics, and wherever they have held office here there friends have had reason to be proud of them.

Take Daniel F. Murphy, the City Assessor. He has held that office for more than a decade and always with credit to himself and satisfaction to all the people. All is used advisedly, because no word has ever been said against his administration of affairs. Associated with him are Irish-Americans like his brother, Cou Murphy, and Dan Doherty. There is Dick Langan in the License Inspector's office and Dad Price, Secretary of the police department; Capt. William J. Sullivan at the head of the detective force, and he is aided by other Irish-Americans like Eugene O'Daly, Martin Donahue, John Sexton and Charley Hickey. Why, more than half the police force is Irish, and the new Assistant Chief will be an Irish-American, Major Pat Ridge.

Has ever any one heard aught respecting the integrity of that sterling Irish-American Ed Tierney during all the years he served as City Auditor or as a member of the Board of Public Works?

John H. Shea and Roger McGrath, Secretaries respectively of the Boards of Safety and Works, are specimens of what young Irish-Americans can do.

In the Tax Receiver's office you will find more Irish-Americans—William McKelvey, John Duffy, Thomas J. Shelley and Elijah J. Mann.

Major Edward Hughes, Chief of the fire department, is of Irish descent, so is Assistant Chief John J. Tully and about half of the various fire captains.

Mike Tynan, Deputy Bailiff of the Police Court, and Orrie Whalley, Deputy Clerk of the Police Court, are also Irish-Americans.

Last, but by no means least of the Irish-Americans engaged in the fascinating game of politics, are the Whallen brothers, John H. and James P. Asking no office for themselves, but ever ready to do for friends, they are easily the king bee politicians of the city.

Yes, there are Irish-American news-

paper men in Louisville, too. Col. R. M. Kelly has been editor-in-chief of the Commercial for more than thirty years and appears to be in shape for thirty years more in the harness. He is no ordinary Kentucky Colonel. He won his title fairly—fighting for the Union in the civil war. More than that he is proud of his Irish ancestry. Then there are news gatherers, or reporters, if you like, proud of their Irish names and parentage—Edward Fitzpatrick, of the Times, and Bernard P. J. Kavanagh, of the News. For some unknown reason reporters are not considered as important as editors.

Editors take a crack at anything. Is there a Boer war, the editor must write something about it. Is there an international canal to be dug, the editor must have his say about that. Should we insist upon an open door policy in China, the editor must give his views on the matter, not necessarily because he knows all about any of these matters—and nine times out of ten he doesn't—but because he is an editor and he is expected to write about everything. Often the less he knows about the subject the more his article is appreciated. With reporters it is different. A reporter is expected to be on the ground, to tell truthfully what happened, when it happened and how it happened. He must get accurately news and dates and all the facts concerning current events of the day, whether it is a personal or political feud, a fire, a business failure or what not. Friends and foes must look alike to him. He is paid for gathering and writing the news. No night must be too cold, no day too warm, no task too difficult for him. No danger is too great to be shirked. When the city editor says: "Go get such and such a thing," "Ay, ay, sir!" says the reporter, and he goes. Neither does he return until he gets what he is sent after, or a thundering good excuse for not getting it. He does no editorial writing at long range. He must be Johnny-on-the-spot. Such men are Fitzpatrick and Kavanagh. Fitzpatrick hails from Indiana, but he has worked on local papers so long that he is to all intents and purposes a Kentucky Irish-American. He has reported for the Louisville papers about sixteen years, and when he started his career on this side of the river he had seen eight years of service as a news gatherer in Indiana. Kavanagh was born and raised in Louisville and has been gathering news for the local press during the past eleven years. Both Fitzpatrick and Kavanagh have done all sorts of news gathering, but, true to their Irish-American nature, they appear to be best fitted for gathering news of a political interest. The man who gathers political news must be familiar with the politicians both of the city and State. He must bury his own political feelings. He must be polite and politic. He must get the news. Ed Fitzpatrick and Barney Kavanagh usually get it when it is going.

Look at the magnificent churches that adorn Louisville built either in whole or in great part by Irish-American contributions—St. Louis Bertrand's, St. Patrick's, St. John's, St. Michael's, St. Brigid's, St. Aloysius', St. Paul's—aye, yes, and St. Charles', too.

And yet they ask what have the Irish and Irish-Americans done in Louisville and for Louisville and what are they doing? Why, this sketch is merely an epitome of what they have done, written hastily from what the writer knows, nay, from what came foremost in his mind. There are hundreds not mentioned here who are equally as well known. Take a city directory some time and go through it and you'll find Irish-American names and Irish-American business men on every page. There is no intention to slight any of them by leaving out their names, but this article was merely written to show that Irish-Americans had done something and were doing something for Louisville.

As the earthly end of man is the grave is it not fitting to end this sketch of Irish-Americans in Louisville with the men who sooner or later will carry us there—the undertakers. Call them what you will—morticians, funeral embalmers or the plain old undertakers—they are a body of men that is keeping pace with the progress of the world in science as well as style. Are there any Irish-American undertakers in Louisville? Yes, and good citizens, too—men to be proud of. John J. Barrett, Dougherty & Keenan, Granville W. Smith's Sons and Tracy, of Tracy & Straub. Mr. Barrett during his twenty years and more experience has held every position of honor in the gift of the undertakers both of the local and State associations, and has also figured prominently as a delegate to the national conventions of undertakers on several occasions. Mr. Barrett is proud that he was born in Ireland and is in the forefront of all local movements of an Irish character, as is also Thomas Keenan, of Dougherty & Keenan. Mr. Keenan

succeeded his father-in-law, the late James Dougherty, in the business, a business established more than forty years. He is County President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and National Delegate from Kentucky. Al Smith, member of the Board of Councilmen, is the son of the late Gran Smith, founder of the Catholic Knights and Ladies of America.

CHRISTMAS GIFT

GO TO

LEVY'S

And get him something in Clothing, Shoes, Hats or Furnishings. You'll save money—suit him exactly.

M. J. MADDEN

N. E. Cor. Tenth and Walnut.

Holiday Supplies

Nowhere in Louisville will you find a better or more carefully selected stock of Groceries, containing everything necessary for your Christmas dinner. Also Meats, Poultry and Game at reasonable prices. Fresh Fancy Candies, Oranges, Nuts, etc. We make a specialty of fine Wines and Liquors for family use.

GOODS DELIVERED TO ALL PARTS OF CITY.

ED DALTON'S

CORNIA

Northwest Corner Floyd and Main.

DAVID WELSH

..PLUMBER.

SEVENTH ST., NEAR WALNUT, LOUISVILLE.
TELEPHONE 2034.

DOUGHERTY & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Lump and Crushed Coke,

ALSO BEST—

Pittsburg, Kentucky, Anthracite and Jellico Coal

CONTRACT COAL A SPECIALTY.

TELEPHONE 469. OFFICE 1207 WEST MAIN STREET

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TELEPHONE 1140.

FINE WINES AND LIQUORS, LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE

407 EAST JEFFERSON ST.

428 AND 430

BRANCH HOUSE, 905 W. MARKET. E. JEFFERSON ST., LOUISVILLE, KY.

JOHN F. OERTEL

BUTCHERTOWN BREWERY,

CREAM COMMON BEER

1400-1404 Story Avenue,

Telephone 891. LOUISVILLE, KY.

succeeded his father-in-law, the late James Dougherty, in the business, a business established more than forty years. He is County President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and National Delegate from Kentucky. Al Smith, member of the Board of Councilmen, is the son of the late Gran Smith, founder of the Catholic Knights and Ladies of America.

CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL.

The third Children's Carnival will be given by Trinity Council, Y. M. I., No. 230, at their club house, 718 East Gray street, from 2 to 6 o'clock p. m., January 1. One of the features will be a contest for the most popular babies. One of the prizes will be \$10 in gold donated by the Children's Carnival Committee. Another prize will be \$2.50 in gold, and a gold ring donated by the Young Ladies' Auxiliary of Trinity Council. With the first and second prizes will be given a dozen photographs by two of the best photographers. Very likely this committee will have a prize for every baby that enters this contest. Any baby three years of age and under can enter free of charge, and any parents wishing a baby to enter can make application. Coupon books can be obtained from this committee. Another feature

children fifteen years of age and under for cashing in the most money either for adults' or children's tickets. Children who wish can get any amount of tickets from members of Trinity Council who are acquainted with.

There will also be a cake-walk for children fifteen years and under. Any child wishing to enter should send the committee any day before the carnival. All prizes will be presented during the carnival on the stage.

The contest for the most popular babies closes at 4 p. m. sharp during the carnival and votes will be counted by prominent tellers from different banks in this city, and contest for cashing tickets closes Sunday, December 29, at Trinity Council's club house.

The committee are: J. J. Dorfer, Charles Stevens, James B. Keenan, Frank Latch, William Gast, Ben Williams, William

Another feature

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

And we're up to date, too. Our stock of Christmas goods was never so large or so select as it is this season. Everything in the house is strictly up-to-date. Why not give a Christmas present of lasting and permanent value, like the following: Morris Chairs, Toilet Tables, Chiffoniers, Couches, Odd Chairs, Fancy Rockers, Parlor Cabinets, Music Cabinets, Ladies' Desks, Leather Chairs, Vernis Martin Cabinets, Odd Gold Chairs, Lamps, Jardinières, Pedestals, Sideboards, Extension Tables, newest patterns, all styles and makes, in oak and mahogany.



Stretle Morris Chairs, oak and mahogany, adjustable foot-rest, \$10 up.

We urge upon all to do their Christmas shopping early before the rush. On a small cash payment we will set aside for you any article in the house and deliver it whenever directed.

W. B. TRUMBO CO.

NINTH AND MARKET.

Store open every night till 10 o'clock until Christmas.

M. J. GATHOF & BROS.

LARGE STOCK HIGH GRADE

HOLIDAY NOVELTIES

DRY GOODS,
LADIES' SUITS,
CLOAKS,

HATS, MEN'S
FURNISHING
GOODS.

Eighth and Market.

816 West Market.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

CHRISTMAS

Supplies, Groceries and Fancy Canned Goods of all kinds, Nuts, Fancy Candies, Raisins, Oranges, Apples, etc. We have a splendid stock for holiday trade.

Choice Poultry, Game and Meats.

Also Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

AS. M'FARLAND'S SONS

CORNER CLAY AND FULTON STS.

Fill Your Coal House

Screened Lump, 25 bu. \$3.00
Screened Lump, 100 bu. 12.00
Anthracite, per ton 7.50

Try our Fourth Pool Pittsburg. It holds fire over night.

Pacific Coal Co.,

428 West Jefferson St.

Gran W. Smith's Sons

Funeral Directors
And Embalmers..

MISS KATE SMITH, Lady Assistant and Embalmer.

Carriages Furnished for All Occasions on Short Notice.

MOVED TO 700 WEST WALNUT STREET.

TELEPHONE 810.

FRANK FEHR BREWING CO.

INCORPORATED.



Bottlers

DARBY GILL AND THE GOOD PEOPLE.

HERMINIE TEMPLETON IN M'CLURE'S MAGAZINE.

On the road between Kilkenny and Balinderry Jerry Murtough, the car driver, told me his story:

Although only one living man of his own free will ever went among them there, still any well learned person in Ireland can tell you that the abode of the Good People is in the hollow heart of the great mountain Slieve-na-mon. That same one was Darby Gill, a cousin of my own mother.

One night the Good People took the eldest of Darby's three fine pigs. The next week a second pig went the same way. The third week not a thing had Darby left for the Ballinrobe fair. You may easily think how sore and sorry the poor man was and how Bridget, his wife, and the childer carried on. The rent was due and all left was to sell his cow Rosie to pay it. Rosie was the apple of his eye; he admired and respected the pigs, but he loved Rosie.

Worst luck of all was yet to come. On the morning when Darby went for the cow to bring her into market, bad scans to the hoof was there, but in her place only a wisp of dirty straw to mock him. Millia murther! What a howlin' and screechin' and cursin' did Darby bring back to the house!

Now Darby was a bould man and a desperate man in his anger, as you soon will see. He shoved his feet into a pair of brogues, clapped his hat on his head, gripped his stick in his hand.

"Fairy or no fairy, ghost or goblin, livin' or dead, who took Rosie'll rue this day," he says.

With those wild words he bolted in the direction of Slieve-na-mon.

All day long he climbed like an ant over the hill, looking for a hole or cave through which he could get at the prison of Rosie. At times he struck the rocks with his blackthorn, cryin' out challenge.

"Come out, you that took her," he called. "If ye have the courage of a mouse, ye murtherin' thieves, come out!"

No one made answer—at last not just then. But at night, as he turned, hungry and footsore, toward home, who should he meet up with on the crossroads but the old fairy doctor, Sheila Maguire. Well known she was as a spy for the Good People. She spoke up:

"Oh, then, you're the foolish, blunderin'-headed man to be saying what you've said and doing what you've done this day, Darby Gill," she says.

"What do I care!" says he fiercely. "I'd fight the devil tonight for my beautiful cow."

"Then go into Mrs. Hagan's meadow by night," says Sheila, "and wait till the moon is up. By-an'-by ye'll see a herd of cows come down from the mountain and yer own'll be among them."

"What'll I do then?" asked Darby, his voice trembling with excitement.

"Sorra a hair I care what you do! But there'll be lads there and hundreds you won't see that'll stand no ill words, Darby Gill."

"I thank you kindly," says Darby, "and I bid you good evening, ma'am." He turned away, leaving her standing there alone looking after him, but he was sure he heard voices talkin' to her and laughin' and titherin' behind him.

It was dark night when Darby stretched himself on the ground in Hagan's meadow; the yellow rim of the moon just tipped the edge of the hills. The time passed mortal slow and it was an hour later when a hundred slow shadows, stirring up the mists, crept from the mountain way toward him. First he must find was Rosie among the herd. To creep quiet as a cat through the heilge and reach the first cow was only a minute's work. Then his plan—to wait till cock-crow—with all other sober, sensible thoughts went clean out of the lad's head before his rage, for, copping eagerly the long sweet grass, the first baste he met was Rosie.

With a leap Darby was behind her, his stick falling sharply on her flanks. The ingratitude of that cow almost broke Darby's heart. Rosie turned fiercely upon him with a vicious lunge, her two horns aimed at his breast. There was no suppler boy in the parish than Darby, and well for him it was so, for the mad rush the cow gave would have caught any man the last thrifle heavy on his legs and ended his days right there.

As it was, our hayro sprang to one side. As Rosie passed his left hand gripped her tail. When one of the Gills takes hold of a thing he hangs on like a bull terrier. Away he went, rushing with her.

Now began a race the like of which was never heard of before or since. Ten jumps to the second and a hundred feet to the jump. Rosie's tail standing straight up in the air, firm as an iron bar, and Darby floating straight out behind; a thousand furious fairies flying a short distance after, filling the air with wild commands and threatenings.

Suddenly the sky opened for a crash of lightning that shivered the hills and a roar of thunder that turned out of their beds every man, woman and child in four counties. Flash after flash came the lightning, hitting on every side of Darby. If it wasn't for fear of hurting Rosie the fairies would have killed him. As it was, he was still with fear, afraid to hould on and afraid to leave go, waving in the air at Rosie's tail like a flag.

As the cow turned into the long, narrow valley which cuts into the east side of the mountain the Good People caught up with the pair and what they didn't do to Darby in the line of atacking pins, pulling whiskers and pinching wouldn't take long to tell. In troth he was just about to let go his hould and take the chances of a fall, when the hillside opened and—whisk! the cow turned into the mountain. Darby found himself flying down a wide, high passage which grew lighter as he went along. He heard the opening behind shut like a trap and his heart almost stopped beating, for this was

the fairies' home in the heart of Slieve-na-mon. He was captured by them!

When Rosie stopped, so stiff were all Darby's joints that he had great trouble loosening himself to come down. He landed among a lot of angry-faced little people, each no higher than your hand, every one wearing a green velvet cloak and a red cap.

"We'll take him to the king," says a red-whiskered wee chap. "What he'll do to the murtherin' spalpeen'll be good and plenty!"

With that they marched our bould Darby a prisoner down the long passage, which every second grew wider and lighter and fuller of little people.

Sometimes, though, he met with human beings like himself, only the black charm was on them, they having been stolen at some time by the Good People. He saw Lost People there from every parish in Ireland, both commoners and gentry. Each was laughing, talking and diverting himself with another. Off to the sides he could see small cobblers making brogues, tinkers mending pans, tailors sewing cloth, smiths hammering horse-shoes, every one merrily to his trade, making a diversion out of work.

Down near the center of the mountain was a room twenty times higher and broader than the biggest church in the world. As they drew near this room there arose the sound of a reel played on bagpipes. The music was so bewitching that Darby, who was the gracefulst reel dancer in all Ireland, could hardly make his feet behave.

At the room's edge Darby stopped short and caught his breath, the sight was so entrancing. Set over the broad floor were thousands and thousands of the Good People facing this way and that and dancing to a reel, while on a throne in the middle of the room sat old Brian Connors, King of the Fairies, blowing on the bagpipes. The little king with a goold crown on his head, wearing a beautiful green velvet coat and red kuce breeches, sat with his legs crossed, beating time with his foot to the music.

There were many from Darby's own parish, and what was his surprise to see there Maureen McGibney, his own wife's sister, whom he had supposed resting daintly in her grave in holy ground these three years.

There she was gliding back and forth ferninst a little gray-whiskered, round-stomached fairy man as though there was never a care nor a sorrow in the world. As I told you before, I tell you again, Darby was the finest reel dancer in all Ireland, and he came from a family of dancers, though I say it who shouldn't, as he was my mother's own cousin.

Three things in the world hanish sorrow—love and whisky and music. So, when the surprise of it all melted a little, Darby's feet led him into the thick of the throng, right under the throne of the King, where he flung care to the winds and put his heart and mind into his two nimble feet. Darby's dancing was such that purty soon those around stood still to admire.

Backward and forward, sidestep and turn; cross over, then forward; a hand on his hip and his stick twirling free; sidestep and forward; cross over again; bow to his partner and hammer the floor.

It wasn't long till half the dancers crowded around admiring, clapping their hands and shouting encouragement. The old King grew so excited that he laid down the pipes, took up his fiddle, came down from the throne and standing ferninst Darby began a finer tune than the first.

The dancing lasted a whole hour, no one speaking a word except to cry out, "Foot it, ye devil!" "Aisy now, he's threadin' on flowers!" "More power to ye!" "Play faster, King!" "Hooreoo! hooreoo! hooreoo!"

Then the King stopped and said: "Well, that bates Banagher and Banagher bates the world! Who are you and how came you here?"

Then Darby up and told the whole story. When he had finished the King looked aisyous. "T'n' glad you came an' I'm sorry you came," he says. "If we had put our charm on you outside to bring you in you'd never die till the end of the world, when we here must all go to hell. But," he added quickly, "there's no use in worrying about that now. That's naither here nor there! Those willing to come with us can't come at all, at all; and here you are of your own free act and will. Howsomever, you're here and we daren't let you go outside to tell others of what you have seen and so give us a bad name—about taking things, you know. We'll make you as comfortable as we can, and so you won't worry about Bridget and the childer I'll have a goold sovereign left with them every day of their lives. But I wish we had the comethier on you," he says with a sigh, "for it's aisy to see you're great company. Now come up to my place an' have a noggin of punch for friendship's sake," says he.

That's how Darby Gill began his six mouths' stay with the Good People. Not a thing was left undone to make Darby contented and happy. A civiler people than the Good People he never met. At first he couldn't get over saying, "God keep all here" and "God save you kindly" and things like that, which was like burning them with a hot iron. If it weren't for Maureen McGibney, Darby would be in Slieve-na-mon at this hour. Sure she was always the wise girl, ready with her crafty plans and warnings. On a day when they were sitting alone together she says to him: "Darby, dear," says she, "it isn't right for a dacent man of family to be spending his days cavortin' and idlin' the hours with sport and nonsense. We must get you out of here, for what is a sovereign a day to compare with the care and protection of a father?" says she.

"Thrice for ye!" moaned Darby, "and my heart is just splittin' for a sight of Bridget and the childer. Bad luck to the day I set so much store on a dirty, ongrateful, threacherous cow!"

"I know well how you feel," says Maureen, "for I'd give the whole world to say three words to Bob Broderick, that ye tell me that out of grief for me has never kept company with any other girl till this day. But that'll never be," she says, "because I must stop here till the Day of Judgment, and then I must go to —," says she, beginning to cry, "but if you get out you'll bear a message to Bob for me, maybe?" she says.

"It's aisy to talk about going out, but how can it be done?" asked Darby.

"There's a way," says Maureen, wiping her big gray eyes, "but it may take years. First, you must know that the Good People can never put their charm on any one who is willing to come with them. That's why you came safe. Then, again, they can't work harm in the daylight and after cock-crow any mortal eye can see them plain, nor can they harm any one who has a sprig of holly nor pass over a leaf or twig of holly, because that's a Christmass bloom. Well, there's a certain evil word for a charm that opens the side of the mountain, and I will try to find it out for you. Without that word all the armies of the world couldn't get out or in. But you must be patient and wise and wait."

"I will so, with the help of God," says Darby.

At these words Maureen gave a terrible screech.

"Cruel man!" she cried, "don't you know that to say pious words to one of the Good People or to one under their black charm is like cutting him with a knife!"

The next night, she came to Darby again.

"Watch yerself now," she says, "for tonight they're goin' to lave the door of the mountain open to thry you, and if you stir two steps outside they'll put the comethier on you," she says.

Sure enough, when Darby took his walk down the passage after supper, as he did every night, there the side of the mountain lay wide open and no one in sight. The temptation to make one rush was great, but he only looked out a minute and went whistling back down the passage, knowing well that a hundred hidden eyes were on him the while. For a dozen nights after it was the same.

At another time Maureen said:

"The King himself is going to thry you hard the day, so beware!" She had no sooner said the words than Darby was called for and went up to the King.

"Darby, my sowl," says the King, in a sootherin' way, "have this noggin of punch. A better never was brewed; it's the last we'll have for many a day. I'm going to set you free, Darby Gill, that's what I am."

"Why, King," says Darby, putting on a mournful face, "how have I offended ye?"

"No offense at all," says the King, "only we're depriving you."

"No depravity in life!" says Darby. "I have lashins and lavings to ate and to drink, and nothing but fun an' diversion all day long. Out in the world it was nothing but work and trouble and sickness, disappointment and care."

"But Bridget and the childer?" says the King, giving him a sharp look out of half-shut eyes.

"Oh, as for that, King," says Darby, "it's aisyer for a widow to get a husband, or for orphans to find a father, than it is for them to pick up a sovereign a day."

The King looked mighty satisfied and smoked for awhile without a word.

"Would you mind going out an evening now and then, helpin' the boys to mind the cows?" he asked at last.

Darby feared to trust himself outside in their company.

"Well, I tell ye how it is," replied my brave Darby. "Some of the neighbors might see me and spread the report on me that I am with the fairies, and that'd disgrace Bridget and the childer," he says.

The King knocked the ashes from his pipe. "You're a wise man hesiden being the height of good company," says he, "and it's sorry I am you didn't take me at my word; for then we would have you always, at last till the Day of Judgment, when—hnt that's naither here or nor there? Howsomever, we'll bother you about it no more."

From that day they thrated him as one of their own.

It was one day five months after that Maureen plucked Darby by the coat and led him off to a lonely spot.

"I've got the word," she says.

"Have you, faith! What is it?" says Darby, all of a tremble.

Then she whispered a word so blasphemous, so irreverent, that Darby blessed himself. When Maureen saw him making the sign she fell down in a fit, the holy emblem hurt so, poor child.

Three hours after this me bould Darby was sitting at his own fireside talking to Bridget and the childer. The neighbors were hurrying to him, down every road and through every field, carrying armfuls of holly hushes, as he had sent word for them to do. He knew well he'd have fierce and savage visitors before morning. After they had come with the holly he had them make a circle of it so thick around the house that a fly couldn't walk through without touching a twig or a leaf. But that was not all.

You'll know what a wise girl and what a crafty girl that Maureen was when you hear what the neighbors did next. They made a second ring of holly outside the first, so that the house sat in two great wreaths, one wreath around the other. The outside ring was much the bigger, and left a good space between it and the first, with room for ever so many people to stand there. It was like the inner

[CONTINUED ON SEVENTH PAGE.]

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DARBY GILL AND THE GOOD PEOPLE

[CONTINUED FROM SIXTH PAGE.]

ring, except for a little gate, left open as though by accident, where the fairies could walk in.

But it wasn't an accident at all, only the wise plan of Maureen's; for nearby this little gap, in the outside wreath, lay a sprig of holly with a bit of twine tied to it. Then the twine ran along up to Darby's house and in through the window, where its end lay conveniently to his hand. A little pull on the twine would drag the stray piece of holly into the gap and close tight the outside ring.

It was a trap, you see. When the fairies walked in through the gap the twine was to be pulled, and so they were to be made prisoners between the two rings of holly. They couldn't get into Darby's house, because the circle of holly nearest the house was so tight that a fly couldn't get through without touching the blessed tree or its wood. Likewise, when the gap in the outer wreath was closed they couldn't get out again. Well, anyway, these things were hardly finished and fixed, when the dusky brown of the hills warned the neighbors of twilight, and they scurried like frightened rabbits to their homes.

Only one amongst them all had courage to sit inside Darby's house waiting the dreadful visitors, and that one was Bob Broderick. What vengeance was in store couldn't be guessed at all, at all, only it was sure that it was to be more terrible than any yet wreaked on mortal man.

Not in Darby's house alone was the terror, for in their anger the Good People might lay waste the whole parish. The roads and fields were empty and silent in the darkness. Not a window glimmered with light for miles around. Many a blaggard who hadn't said a prayer for years was now down on his narrow bones among the dainty members of his family, thumping his craw and roaring his Pather and Aves.

In Darby's quiet house, against which the cunning, the power and the fury of the Good People would first break, you can't think of half the suffering of Bridget and the childer, as they lay huddled together on the settle bed; nor of the strain on Bob and Darby, who sat smoking their dundens and whispering anxiously together.

For some reason or other the Good People were long in coming. Ten o'clock struck, then eleven, after that twelve, and not a sound from the outside. The silence and the no sign of any kind had them all just about crazy, when suddenly there fell a sharp rap on the door.

"Millie murder," whispered Darby. "We're in for it. They've crossed the two rings of holly and are at the door itself."

The childer begun to cry and Bridget said her prayers out loud; but no one answered the knock.

"Rap, rap, rap," on the door, then a pause.

"God save all here!" cried a queer voice from the outside.
Now no fairy would say, "God save all here," so Darby took heart and opened the door. Who should be standing there but Sheelah Maguire, a spy for the Good People. So angry were Darby and Bob that they snatched her within the threshold, and before she knew it they had tied her hand and foot, wound a cloth around her mouth, and rolled her under the bed.

Within the minute a thousand rustling voices sprung from outside. Through the window, in the clear moonlight, Darby marked weeds and grass being trampled by invisible feet, beyond the farthest ring of holly.

Suddenly broke a great cry. The gap in the first ring was found. Signs were plainly seen of uncountable feet rushing through and spreading about the nearer wreath. After that a howl of madness from the little men and women. Darby had pulled his twine and the trap was closed, with five thousand of the Good People entirely at his mercy.

Princes, princesses, dukes, dukesses, earls, carleses and all the quality of Sleive-na-mon were prisoners. Not more than a dozen of the last to come escaped, and they flew back to tell the king.

For an hour they raged. All the bad names ever called to mortal man were given free, but Darby said never a word. "Pick-pocket," "sheep stayer," "murderer," "thief of a blaggard," were the softest words trun at him.

By an 'n', however, as it begun to grow near to cock-crow, their talk grew a great deal civiler. Then came beggin', pladin', promise, and enthrin', but the doors of the house still stayed shut an' its windows down.

Purty soon Darby's old rooster Terry came down from his perch, yawned an' flapped his wings a few times. At that the terror and the screechin' of the Good People would have melted the heart of a stone.

All of a sudden a fine, clear voice rose from beyond the crowd. The king had come. The other fairies grew still, listening.

"Ye murderin' thafe of the world," says the king grandly, "what are ye doin' wid my people?"

"Keep a civil tongue in yer head, Brian Connor," says Darby, sticking his head out the window, "for I'm as good a man as you any day," says Darby.

At that minute Terry, the cock, flapped his wings and crowed. In a flash there sprang into full view the crowd of Good People—dukes, earls, princes, quality and commoners, with their ladies, jammed thick together about the house; every one of them with his head thrown back hawling and crying, and tears as big as pigeons' eggs rolling down his cheeks.

A few feet away, on a straw pile in the barnyard, stood the king, his gold crown tilted on the side of his head, his long green cloak about him, and his rod in his hand, but tremblin' all over.

In the middle of the crowd, but towering high above them all, stood Maureen McGibney in her cloak of greyn an' goold, her purty brown hair fallin' down

ou her shoulders, an' she—the crafty villain—cryin' an' bawlin', an' abusin' Darby with the best of them.

"What'll you have an' let them go?" says the king.

"First an' foremost," says Darby, "take yer apell off that slip of a girl there an' send her into the house."

In a second Maureen was standing inside the door, her both arms about Bob's neck, and her head on his collar-bone.

What they said to nigh other, and what they done in the way of emhracin' an' kissin' an' cryin' I won't take time in telling you.

"Next," says Darby, "send back Rosie and the pigs."

"I expected that," says the King. And at those words they saw a black bunch coming through the air; in a few seconds Rosie and the three pigs walked into the stable.

"Now," says Darby, "promisc in the name of Ould Nick!" (It's by him the Good People swear) "never to moid nor meddle again with any one or anything from this parish."

The king was fair put out by this. However, he said at last, "You ongrateful scoundrel, in the name of Ould Nick, I promise."

"So far, so good," says Darby; "but the worst is yet to come. Now you must relayse from your apell every soul ye've stole from this parish; and besides, you must send me ten thousand pounds in goold."

Well, the king gave a roar of anger that was heard in the next barony.

"Ye high-banded, hard-hearted robber," he says, "I'll never consent!" he says.

"Plase yerself," says Darby. "I see Father Cassidy comin' down the hedge," he says, "an' he has a prayer for ye all in his book that'll turn ye up like wisps of straw of he ever catches ye here," says Darby.

With that the roaring and hawling was pitiful to hear, and in a few minutes a hag with ten thousand goold sovereigns in it was trun at Darby's threshold; and fifty people, young an' some of them old, flew over an' stood beside the King. Some of them had spent years with the fairies. Their relatives thought them dead an' buried. They were the Lost Ones from that parish.

With that Darby pulled the bit of twine again, opening the trap, and it wasn't long until every fairy was gone.

The green coat of the last one was hardly out of sight when, sure enough, who should come up but Father Cassidy, his book in his hand. He looked at the fifty people who had been with the fairies standin' there—the poor crathurs—tremblin' an' wonderrin' an' afear'd to go to their homes.

Darby told him what had happened. "Ye foolish man," says the priest, "you could have got out every poor prisoner that's locked in Sleive-na-mon, let alone those from this parish."

"Would yer Reverence have me let out the Corkonians, the Connaght men, and the Pardowns, I ask ye?" he says hotly. "When Mrs. Maloney there goes home and finds that Tim has married the Widow Hogan, ye'll say I let out too many, even of this parish, I'm thinkin'!"

"But," says the priest, "ye might have got ten thousand pounds for sich of us."

"If sich had ten thousand pounds, what comfort would I have in being rich?" asked Darby again. "To enjoy well being rich, there should be plenty of poor," says Darby.

"God forgive ye, ye selfish man!" says Father Cassidy.

"There's another rayson besides," says Darby. "I never got better nor friendlier thrament than I divil from the Good People. An' the divil a hair of their heads I'd hurt more than need be," he says.

Some way or other the king heard of this saying, an' was so mightily pleased that next night a jug of the finest poten was left at Darby's door.

After that, indeed, many's the winter night, when the snow lay so heavy that no neighbor was stirrin', and when Bridget and the childer were in bed, Darby sat by the fire, a noggin' of hot punch in his hand, argyin' an' gettin' news of the whole world. A little man, with a goold crown on his head, a green cloak on his back, and one foot thrown over the other, sat fernist him by the hearth.

HAVING FRIENDS.

Having friends is strengthening one's heart against trial; it is giving it means of rising more easily to God. A friend is a conductor which carries off sorrow. Nothing is so healing as the balm of affection. But friends must be won. Being loved for one's self alone is a romantic dream. God makes advances to win friends, why should not we? Character doubtless has much to do with friendship affording more or less sympathy, but efforts complete what sympathy has begun to have friends merit them.

WHEN IN TROUBLE.

How much suffering and sorrow would be avoided if we would only go to the Sacred Heart with our troubles—go with childlike confidence and ask for the help and grace we need. He has promised to help us, and his promise never fails. If poverty is our lot, He will help us to hear it and make it helpful to our eternal salvation. If we are suffering from sickness, He will teach us how to gain grace by hearing it with resignation. In a word, He will cure all our ills and turn darkness into light and sorrow into joy.

"You love my daughter?" ejaculated the old man.

"Love her!" exclaimed the young fellow passionately; "why, sir, I would die for her! For the soft glance from those sweet eyes I would fall myself from yonder cliff and perish upon the rocks two hundred feet below!"

The old man shook his head. "I'm a bit of a liar myself," he remarked, "and one is enough for a small family like mine."

Superior William will not allow attacks on any religion recognized by the law in his empire.

HINTS ON STYLE.

Brochee mousseline is one of the fashionable fabrics for evening gowns.

An odd fancy in skirt trimming is thread velvet ribbon through button-holed slits in the material.

Heavy lace boleros with sleeves are worn with untrimmed silk waists and can be bought in the shops all ready for use.

A dotted black net over white chiffon and white taffets, trimmed with black Chantilly lace insertion, makes a very stylish gown.

A delicate perfume for the gown is made by dropping a little lavender into boiling water and holding the garment over the steam.

Velvets dotted all over with white pin spots are very much employed for street gowns, made up very simply, with a short blouse coat.

Velvet gowns in red, brown, blue, green and black have put in an appearance already for street costumes as well as reception costumes.

Mirror velvets are said to be crowding out the popular panne for many purposes, but the latter has its specific uses and is not to be ousted.

Bands of black and white cloth trim a red cloth costume. The collar extends across the back, shaping up a little narrower directly in the center.

Fancy huttons are seen on some of the new gloves, and if you would have the modish thing, wear gun metal colored suede gloves with rhinestone buttons, with your black gown.

Old-fashioned cameos set in gold make a stylish belt pin, a brooch for the neck, or a scarf clasp, one or all. Cameo bracelets are transformed in this way, producing three useful articles.

The modish treatment for the pale tan and light brown tints is some kind of white trimming. It may be embroidery, fancy braid, silk bands or velvet, but white is the thing to have.

One pretty novelty of the season is the umbrella handle with tips to match, in a pretty case. For Christmas gifts those are certainly out of the ordinary, while they have the advantage of being useful as well.

All-white weddings have perhaps been the leading fad so far this season, but varied objections to this fancy have come to the front recently. One of them is that the bride is not so distinctive a figure with the bridesmaids all in white as she would be otherwise.

There seems to be no limit to the possibilities of combining lace, net mousseline, silk and velvet in one gown. A few applications of white lace sometimes add variety to the decorated surface, and again white lace insertions are used in striping lines from neck to hem on a black Chantilly lace gown.

WHOLE WORLD.

On the side of Loch Lomond, in Scotland, dwells an old man who never until recently had been prevailed upon to climb Ben-Lomond, the hill which has been before his eyes during a long life. When he got to the top of the eminence his delight knew no bounds. "Eh, uoul!" he said with evident pride in his exploit, "but the world's a big place when you come to see the whole of it!"

HOLIDAY MEMORIES.

Memories of past Christmas days will come to those gathered around tables this month, and as the old people tell of the wonderful events of days now long gone by many a youth will sigh as he thinks they are not half so fine now. Let him hide his time, for in future days he will make the young sigh for the glories which he will describe. And so it will run on generation after generation.

EQUALLY PRACTICAL.

"But can you keep house?" he asked doubtfully, for he was, above all things, a practical man.

"If you get a house and put it in my name," she replied promptly, "I'll keep it all right enough."

Matters being thus satisfactorily settled, their engagement was announced.

WHERE YOU LAUGH.

We have heard of an economical man who always takes his meals in front of a mirror. He does this to double the dishes. If this is not philosophy, we should like to know what is.

"Why, Pat," said the Squire, meeting an old servant whom he believed to be dead, "I heard you were dead and buried years ago!" "Begorra, sorr," replied Pat, "so did I, but I didn't believe it."

The following conversation took place between some soldiers in the Dublin barracks after the battle of Colenso.

First Soldier—Ob, my poor hand is destroyed for ever.

Second Soldier—Arrah! bad manners to you. Look at poor Johnny there with his head blown away, and he is not saying a word.

"Huggins is you name, eh?" said the Magistrate to the defendant, who was a trifle deaf. "Married or single?" "Married," replied the defendant in a low voice. "If you want your excuse for being drunk? Speak louder." "I say I'm married," the defendant shouted this time. "Ah! That's sufficient excuse. I'm married myself. Discharged."

"I want to know," cried the late visitor, "whether that item of yours in regard to me is an intentional slur or merely editorial assassin?" "What are you talking about, my dear sir, and who are you, anyway?" asked the editor. "I'm Dr. Killiam, and I refer to your announcement of the sudden illness of the Hon. John Jones, in which you say 'Mr. Jones is in great danger, Dr. Killiam has been called in.'"

Stir all sauces with a wooden spoon until they thicken and begin to leave the sides of the pan. Add flavoring excecues after taking the pot from the fire.

COFFEE

FRESH ROASTED DAILY.

Remember if you buy your Coffee from me you will get a Coffee that is selected for its fine drinking qualities, roasted strictly dry. No glaze or greasy substance put in to make it weigh.

My dry roast retains all the aroma of the Coffee and makes it pleasant and agreeable to the taste and truly beneficial.

2 1-2 lbs Coffee, - - - - - 50c

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